Coffee-House JESTS.

Refined and Enlarged.

By the Author of the
OXFORD JESTS.

The Fourth Edition, with
Large Additions.

This may be Re-printed,
Feb. 25. 1685. *R. P.*

LONDON,
Printed for *Hen. Rhodes*, next door
to the *Swan-Tavern*, near *Bride-Lane*
in *Fleet-street*, 1686.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

Coffee-Houſe JESTS.

I.

A Luſty Widdower in *York-ſhire*, came to Woo a Rich Widow in *Sommerſetſhire*: and being at her Houſe, ſhe led him out in the Afternoon to ſhew him what fine conveniences ſhe had about her; and firſt ſhewed him her Garden: ſaying, *Have you ſeen Sir, ſuch large Cabbages as theſe any where?* He told her, they were indeed large Cabbages, for this Country, but his Cabbages were ſo large, that they would ſhelter a Teem of Horſes under 'em, all a whole Winters Night; which made her wonder: Then ſhe ſhewed him the Dairy, and therein

some Cheeses; saying, *They were accounted the largest Cheeses in* England: *Yes*, says he, *They are I confess large Cheeses for this Country, but mine are so big in* York-shire, *that my Dairy Maid is forc'd to call the Men in to turn them with Levers every Morning*: This made her wonder the more. Then she shewed him her House, saying, *Is it not very high? for 'tis accounted the highest House in all our Country*, *Yes*, says he, *'Tis a high House for this Country; for mine is so high in* York-shire, *that if a Man goes but up to the upper Room, and he does not take a six-penny Loaf with him, he'll be starved before he comes down*: The good well-meaning Woman had a mind to believe some part of it, because she saw him a handsome and personable Man, and had a Months mind to him. So in the Morning before the Master was up, she takes out his Servant, and shews him the Garden and her good Cabbages there, and askt him, *If they were not very large ones? Yes, indeed are they Mistress*, says he, but says she, 'Thy Master says, his are so 'big, that they will keep a Team of 'Horses dry a whole Winters Night 'though it rain all the while: Truly for-'sooth Mistress, *says he*, I seldom come in 'to the Garden; but this I can tell you of 'my

'my Maſters Cabbages, that he makes 'Wine-mill Poſts of the Stalks of them; then ſhe began to ſimper at this, and thought the reſt might be true: Yet ſtill ſhe doubted. Then ſhe ſhewed him the Dairy, asking him, 'Whether theſe were 'not very large Cheeſes? Yes by my 'faith, *ſays he*, Forſooth Miſtreſs, they are 'very large Cheeſes indeed; *but ſays ſhe*, 'Your Maſter ſays, That his Cheeſes are ſo 'big in his Dairy in *York-ſhire*, that men 'turn them every Morning with Levers: 'Truly forſooth, *ſays he*, I ſeldom come 'into the Dairy; but this I can ſay, that 'the Whey of one of his Cheeſes will 'drive a Mill for two hours together: Then ſhe bid him look upon the heighth of her Houſe, and askt him, 'Whether it 'was not very high? *Yes ſays he*, 'tis ex-'treamly high, *Yet ſays ſhe*, Your Maſter 'ſays, That his Houſe is ſo high, that if a 'go up to the Top, although he have a 'ſix-penny Loaf in his Hand, yet he'll be 'ſtarved before he comes down again: Tru-'ly forſooth, *ſays he*, I know nothing of that; 'but this I can ſay, that when I am in the 'upper Room of his Houſe, that I can 'hear a Noiſe in another World: Nay, 'then ſays the Woman, I find all is 'true, that thy Maſter ſays, and am reſol-

'ved to make it a match: and Married 'they were the *Tuesday* seven-night after: but I know nothing on't.

2.

A Maid once was making of Black-puddings, and her Dame told her, *That the Stuff lookt dry, there was not Blood enough in it*: *Truly Dame*, says she, *I think there is Blood enough, for my nose has bled this half hour, and all dropt into the Bowl. I would they were in your Guts*, says her Dame. *Truly*, says the Maid, *so I intend they shall be when they are boyled.*

3.

The Wench above-said, had a very large Tripe to wash and cleanse, as she was washing it, her dame told her, she must use some hot Water about it: then she pretty heart pist upon it very plentifuliy, and rubb'd it in with great care: says her Dame, *I bid you use some hot Water about it. So I did*, says she, *all that I could make, for I can do no more than I can.*

4.

A Trooper in a Fight had fixt a pair of Rams-horns in a thick Leather Cap, very artificially, to secure his Head instead of a Head-piece in the Fight: Which another Souldiers Wife hearing of, said,

If

If that ſecured the other Souldier ſo well, being only Artificial, what will mine do Neighbour, which are truly Natural on my dear Husband's Head? And now I find what was preſerved him in all the Fight, for he never was Wounded in the Head at all!

5.

One coming into *New-Market* to buy ſome Butter, and there cheapned ſome; and the Woman askt 10 *d.* a pound: then he ſmelt to it; *What*, ſays ſhe, *do you ſmell to it, it ſeems you do not like my Butter: Yes* ſays he *but 'tis no better then it ſhould be: Then you'll buy none*, ſays ſhe: *No*, ſays he, *for a reaſon beſt known to my ſelf.* Then ſhe askt him the Reaſon; and with much importunity he told her, 'twas becauſe he had no Money: *Well then*, ſays the Woman, *take it for nothing, ſo you'll pay me for it next time you come.*

6.

A Falconer being a Hawking in the Country, by chance came to a little Ale-houſe ſtanding alone in a Wood; and being a Horſe-back, knock't at the door, upon which a little Girl came out; then ſays he to her, *I pray Virgin do me the Kindneſs as to fetch me a Coal of Fire to*

light my Tobacco; then she ran into her Mother, and told her that he call'd her Virgin; out comes the Mother in a great Fury and told him: *He was a Rogue to call her Daughter Virgin, she'd have him to know, she kept no such Creatures in her House, for though she was Poor, she kept an Honest House*, and shut the door upon him, and told him, *he should have no Fire there.*

7.

A Citizens Wife was telling one that she had been in the Country, and saw how Wheat, Rie, Barley, and Oats grew; but she could never tell how Malt grew: *Why truly Neighbour*, says t'other, *the Women in the Country do spin the Malt altogether*: *My troth*, says she, *I believe so too, for I see the threds hang out at the ends of it.*

8.

A Gentleman coming drunk to Bed over-night, in the morning he could not find his Breeches, then he knock'd for the Chamberlain: *Sir*, says he, *if you are sure you brought them in with you, you had best search your Pockets for them, for you lost all your Money last Night out of your Pockets, it may be your Breeches are got in there.*

9. *Pride*

9.

Pride and *Hewſon*, Two Oliverian Collonels, the firſt a Dray-man and t'other a Cobler, being met together, they muſt needs to Joking one with the other, then *Pride* told him he ſaw a piece of Coblers Wax ſtick on his Scarlet Cloak: *puh*, ſays Hewſon, *a handful of Brewers Grains will ſcoure it off preſently.*

10.

It hapned that *Oliver* was coming from *Hampton-Court* in a very rainy day in his Coach, which was very full, and *Hugh Peters* was a Horſeback riding by: then *Oliver* out of pure kindneſs would have lent him a Coat to keep him from the Rain, but he refuſed it, and bid the man tell his Maſter, *That he would not be in his Coat for a Thouſand pound.*

11.

A Country Fellow coming to *Oxford* Market, cheapned ſome Apples of an Apple-woman there, and ſhe told him, *Six a Penny*: which he thought unreaſonable, and thereupon call'd her the Son of a Whore; then ſhe told him. He was a Rogue to call her the Son of a Whore, for her Mother was as honeſt a Womans Child, as any was in the Pariſh where ſhe lived.

12.

Some being merry together, among other diſcourſe, one ſaid, A buſhel of March duſt is worth a Kings Ranſom, but ſays another; What is a hogshead of March Beer worth then? For that comforts the Spirits, and t'other ſpoils the Eyes?

13.

Some Gentlemen were ſitting at a Coffee-houſe together, one was asking what News there was? T'other told him, There was forty thouſand Men, roſe to day, which made them all ſtare about, and asked him to what end they roſe, and what they did intend? Why faith, ſays he, only to go to bed at Night again.

14.

A Country Fellow being before the Juſtices upon his Oath at the Seſſions, was ask'd the cauſe of the two mens falling out: He ſaid, my Lord, you are a Rogue. The Judge ſeeing the People begining to laugh, bad him ſpeak to the Jury, for there were twelve of them.

15.

One bid a Maid to go and kiſs ſuch a Gentleman: *No faith*, ſays ſhe, *I beg your pardon, for that, for I won't go to Market for ſuch Ware, which I can have brought home*

to my door without any trouble with vantage too.

16.

A Girl that had a months mind to be Marryed, and on the Wedding day at Night, ſays ſhe (to one of her Com.adet) *When I was to go to Bed, I unlac't, and lac't my ſelf again, and pulled off my Shoes and Stockings, and put 'em on again*: But when I was to go into Bed, ſaid I, *O lack a day! muſt I lye with a ſtrange man to Night*: *And when I was a Bed, I bethought my ſelf how I ſhould lye, for if I ſhould turn my Face to him, he'd think I was bold, and if I ſhould turn my Breech to him, he'd ſay I was unmannerly, therefore I was reſolved to lye upon my Back, let come what would.*

17.

In the time of the Rump, Two Rump Parliament Men being in a pair of Oars, ſays one of them, *You Watermen are Hypocrites*: *For you row one way and look another*: *O Sir*, ſays one of them (being a ſmart Fellow) *we have not plyed ſo long at* Weſtminſter, *but we have learn't ſomething of our Maſters* (the Parliament that ſit there) *that is to pretend one thing, and act another.*

18.

A Countrey Fellow brought a Letter to a Gentlemans house, but he not being at home, he left it with a Monkey that stood at the door; the Gentleman hearing of it, when he met the man, was very angry with him: *Sir*, says he, *And please your Worship I delivered it to your Son which was at the door.* *My Son*, says he, *'twas a Monkey*: *Truly Sir*, says he, *I thought it was your Son, it was so like you.*

19.

A Taylor having got an Old Doublet, to mend of an ancient decay'd Gentleman, they happened upon a very large Louse, which by chance he cut in two as he was ripping a place in the Doublet; then he gave one half of the great Louse unto his Wife, and took the other himself, and they both eat it, and after that called themselves Gentleman and Gentlewoman; their Journey-man seeing what they did, and hearing what they said, said he was a piece of a Gentleman too; which made them ask the reason of it? *Why*, says he, *When you cut the Louse in two with the Sheers, and did eat it, I at that time lickt the Sheers that cut it.* Ergo.

20.

In the Rumps time, a Foot Souldier met at a Church in the Suburbs a Whore, who was very diligently taking Sermon-Notes, but that night he lay with her, and about a month after his Captain heard that ſhe was catch't a Bed with two men by the Conſtable; and he told the Souldier of it; but he rapping out a great Oath, ſwore he did not think ſhe had been a Whore though; and yet he pretty heart had layn with her half a ſcore nights before that, and therefore had good reaſon to wonder that one ſhould think her a Whore. *Probatum eſt.*

21.

An Arch Wagg put a great many Rams-horns in a Basket, and went up and down and cryed New Fruit, New Fruit, in the Winter time; at laſt a Lawyer bid him let him ſee his Winter Fruit, which when he ſaw them, ſaid, *You Fool, who d'ye think will buy Horns? O Sir*, ſays he, *though you are provided, yet I may meet with ſome that are not.*

22.

A man was adviſed of late to venture at the great Lottery in *Moreſields*; *No, no*, ſays he, *there's none but Cuckolds have any luck there*; at which his ſweet and vertuous

Wife

Wife being by, and hearing of it, ſaid, *My dear Husband, let me entreat you of all loves to venture there, for I'm certain you'll have good luck.* But how he took it I can't tell.

23.

One ſpeaking of the burning of the Streets of *London* at the great Fire there, ſaid, *Cannon-ſtreet* roar'd, *Milk-ſtreet* was burnt too; *Wood-ſtreet* was burnt to Aſhes; *Bread-ſtreet* was burnt to a Coal; *Ironmonger-lane* was burnt red hot; *Diſtaff-lane* had ſpun a fine Thread; *Snow-hill* was melted down; *Shoe-lane* was burnt to boot; *Creed-lane* would not believe it till it came; and *Pudding-lane*, and *Pye-Corner* were over bak'd.

24.

A Country-man coming to Town in the Rumps Time, and hearing of the great things they had done, would needs go to the Parliament-Houſe to ſee them; and being there ſaid, *Now Gods bleſſing on you all for you are a goodly Company, and have done wonderful things to the good of us all; and that we may be further ſerviceable unto you, my Wife and I, and all my Children will work hard for you all; for I ſee there's a great number of you: not doubting but in a little time, you may have occaſion to make uſe of me*

and

and my Trade: Then they ask't him what Trade he was, he told them a Rope-maker; and presently slipt away among the Crowd.

25.

A Man that had great store of Arable Land, did command a Boy of his to watch the Pidgeons, that they should not eat up the new sow'd Corn: The Boy went presently to the Pool, and there stood, which his Master seeing, *Sirrah, did not I bid you watch the Pigeons, and do you stand loytering there? Sir*, says he, *this is the best place for me to stand to watch the Pool, that is, not to suffer them to drink; for if they don't drink, I'm sure they can't eat.*

26.

A Welsh-man met another going up a Mountain with a large Pompion in his hand: he askt him what it was? He told him it 'twas a Mare's Egg, and would have a Colt; then he gave him a Groat for it, and carried it up the Hill; and when he was come to the Top, by chance he let the Pompion fall, which tumbled apace down the Hill, till it came to a Bush where it stopt; and by its beating the Bush, forc'd out a Hare from thence, which the Welsh-man seeing, thought 'twas a Colt; and cried as it ran, Stop her Colt, stop her Colt: yet

yet for all that there went the Hare away, which made the poor Welſh-man for Grief to turn bald, in regard he had loſt his Hare.

27.

A Lord Mayor being once invited to the *Temple* to Dinner; but finding his entertainment at his firſt coming not to anſwer his expectation, retired back without eating; and at his coming out, a Gentleman met one of his Servants, and ſaid to him, *Much good d'it you Sir: Why now*, ſays he, *you think you have jeer'd me; but I'll aſſure you, I have din'd to day as well as my Lord Mayor.*

28.

A Mayor of a Town in *Wiltſhire*, came to give a Viſit to the Mayor of *Wooton Baſſet*; and when he came to his houſe, he found him turning of the Spit, which made him think he might jeer him abroad for it; and therefore deſired the other Mayor to ſit down, and turn the Spit, whilſt he went out to fetch ſome drink; which he did; and he in the mean time invited all the Aldermen of his Town to dinner; where being come, they found the other Mayor a turning the Spit; which ſaved the Credit of the Mayor of *Wooton Baſſet*, *Probatum eſt.*

29.

A rich and covetous Councellor of this Kingdom, that had an only Child, which was a Daughter, and worth 20000 l. A young and handſome Gentleman of good Birth, though of no great Fortune; yet had ſo far inſinuated himſelf into the Young Lady's Favour, that ſhe promis'd him Marriage, if he could get her Father's Conſent. Immediately he comes for *London*, and goes to her Father, and told him, *That he would give him* 10 l. *for a Fee, if he could aſſiſt him in a buſineſs which did much concern him: which was, That there was a rich young Heireſs in Town, which had promiſed him marriage, if it could any way be made good by Law: Why*, ſays he, *let her hire a Horſe, and invite you to take her away, and let her get up before and you behind, that it may not be ſaid that you rode away with her, but ſhe with you; and let her go to the Miniſter, and tell him, 'tis her deſire to be married to you, and to get a Licence accordingly; and when you are married, then be ſure to bed her, and I'll warrant you ſhe's your own.* And this, ſays the Gentleman, you'll avouch for Law? He told him, Yes. Well Sir, ſays he, if you will ſet your Hand to it, I'll give you Ten Pounds more; which he did. Immediately he goes into Country,

trey, and shews the young Lady what was done, and how 'twas done; and she accordingly performed her promise, and suddenly married and bedded; and having so continued a week, they both came to *London*, and came to her Father, and fell down upon their Knees to him, and craved his Blessing: which made him at first fly into harsh Language; but the Gentleman said, We have done nothing but what you have avoucht for Law, and have it under your hand. The Lawyer fearing his Reputation might be brought in question, and seeing him to be a handsome and well-bred Gentleman, and of a good Family, clapt both their hands together, and bid God bless them; and then gave them a Subsistence for the present, and made over all to them after his death. *Probatum est.*

30.

A mad roaring Fellow, as he was riding, falling from his horse, pitch'd upon his head, ran among the People standing by, swearing that he had broke his Neck; and they had no other cause but to believe him, because he swore it so himself.

31.

A Countrey Fellow haing been at *London*, and being come home, a She-Neigh-

bour

bour ask'd him, *What News there was in* London? Faith, ſays he, all the news that I heard, was, *That there was a great Preſs out for Cuckolds.* Are you ſure on't, ſays ſhe? Sure on't, ſays he, I'm certain of it. Then I am reſolved, ſays ſhe, *my dear Huſband ſhall not ſtir out till the Preſs is over*; I'll *allow him to preſs me*; *but he ſhan't be preſs'd himſelf*; which ſhew'd her to be an honeſt, and truly loving Wife.

32.

Says a Lady to her maid, *What are you with Child, Huſſey?* Yes forſooth, *Madam* Why, who got it, you whore? *My Maſter, forſooth.* Where? In the Truckle Bed. Where was I then? Aſleep in the high Bed, forſooth. Why did you not call out, you whore? *Why*, ſays ſhe, *would your Ladyſhip have done ſo?*

33.

An Arch Wagg hearing a Woman cry Kitchin Stuff, ask't her what it was? ſhe ſaid, That which drops from Fleſh. Well, ſays he, Call to morrow morning, and I'll help you to ſome: And having got a Pot full of Sir-reverence, the Woman, as her Cuſtom is, puts her hand into the Pot, and drawing it out, ſmelt the affront, and began to be angry; Nay, ſays he, don't be angry, for I helpt you to that

which

which falls from the Flesh. 'Tis very true indeed, says she, and I find your Flesh is now very dry (she strok't his Face with her hand) and it wants a little greasing, and stands I think in need of baiting too, and being a lusty Jade, did baste him well-favouredly.

34.

An *English*-man and his wife which was with Child, Lodg'd at a *French*-mans house where they understood not one another: It chanc't that one Night the *English*-woman call'd for a Midwife, and he came down in his shirt to his Landlords Chamber to acquaint them with it; and 'twas a very cold Night, says she to her Husband, *Let the* English-*man come to Bed, for he can't go to his own Bed, as his Wives Condition is; and you need not fear any thing seeing you are a Bed with me*; which being granted, he lay down on the other side of the Woman; and the *French*-man being tired the day before, fell fast asleep: But a little after the moving of the Bed, awak'd her Husband, saying, *What a Pox are you a doing? Why, what would you have me to do*, says she, *if I should speak to him, it would be to no purpose, for you know he understands not a word of our Language.*

35.

A Gallant did fancy that he sung exceeding well, although he had a very bad and hoarse Voice; and having observed that a poor woman did always cry when she heard him sing, askt her the reason of it? Truly Sir, said she, *When I was forc'd, being poor, to sell all my Goods, and nothing left me but one poor silly Ass, which was all my Support; and at last I lost my Ass too; and that which makes me cry, is, that whensoever I hear you sing, it puts me in mind of my poor Ass.* Tar-box for that beloved.

36.

A strange Gentleman being much necessitated for a House of Office in the City, and being unacquainted, went into an Upholsters Shop, and bid him shew him a Close-stool: Then he shewed him one: *What*, says he, *Have you no better? Yes*, says he, *all of colour'd Velvet.* Go, says he, *fetch me two or three down:* In the mean time he lets down his Breeches, and sate down: The Upholster coming down and seeing him in that posture, ask'd him what he did? *Why truly*, says he, *I am trying of it.* And plucking up his Breeches again, said, *He did not like any of them, for they were all too low for him*, and so went out o'th' doors.

37. A

37.

A Doctor of Divinity in *Oliver*'s days that had been sufficiently persecuted and plundered for his *Loyalty* to his Prince, which made him and many others (that held his Tenets) to talk at random sometimes, when they had nothing to lose; but this talking of his happened to be a benefit to him: for divers did acquaint *Oliver*, that he was often heard to say, that he did heartily wish that *Oliver* and all his Army were in Hell: upon which *Oliver* sent him a Summons to appear before him, and being come, VVhy how now Doctor, says he, I did never expect to hear such *Language* to have proceeded from a man of your Coat? VVhy Sir, says the Doctor, what did I say? VVhy says *Oliver*, I heard that you should wish that both my self, and my Army were in *Hell*: Is that all? says the Doctor, why truly Sir you need not endeavour to procure any testimony to make this manifest; for I do confess I have said so a hundred times, and do wish the same still, and I think I have done exceedingly well in so wishing; and my reasons are these: For if you and your Army have conquered three such Kingdoms as these, if you were all in *Hell*, I think it were impossible for that one Kingdom to with-

withstand you; and that being conquered, would it not be a great blessing to us all? VVhich conceit not only procured his Pardon, but a Restitution of his Parsonage also, and likewise a Gratuity; which made him as *Loyal* to him as he was before.

38.

A Scottish *Minister* being Chaplain to an *English* Regiment of Foot, in the time of the Rump Parliament at Saint *Edmonds Bury* in *Suffolk*; and there as he was preaching to them, said *Good Lord Bless the grand Council above* (viz. *the Parliament*) *and grant they may ave hang together:* which a Country Fellow that stood underneath hearing, said, *Yes, Sir with all my Heart, and the sooner the better; and I am sure 'tis the Prayers of all good people. But good Friends*, says the Person, I *do not mean as that naughty man means; but* I *pray that they may all hang together in Accord and Concord*: *Yes*, says the Fellow again, *In any Cord, so it be a strong Cord*: And when he had so said, he slipt away from the Company: At last being searcht for by the chief Officer there, they could not find him: *How*, says he, *Is he slipt away? If he had not, he should have had the slip bestowed upon him, for his unreverent Language to the Parliament.*

39.

A great Cavalier in the time of the War betwixt the King and Parliament, was taken Prisoner in the County of *Chester* by some of the Parliament-Forces; and in regard that this Gentleman was a Collonel and had been very active in the Kings Service; he was adjudged by the said Parliament aforesaid, not only to Prison in *Nantwich*; but there to be put in a dark Dungeon, with nothing but Straw to lie on; which he patiently endured for two days. But on *Saturday* night, he told the Goaler, *That he desired that he might have liberty to go to Church on the Morrow to hear their preaching*; *perhaps*, says he, I *may be of your Opinion then*: which Sir *William* granted; and as the Preacher was Praising God that all their great Victories, he prayed God that he would be a Centinel also, over that only Town of *Nantwich*, that had been so faithful to the Parliament; at that the Collonel started up, saying, *Pray Sir, must he be a Muscateer or a Pikeman*; Upon which he was conveyed to his aforesaid Lodging again. *Probatum est.*

40.

In a Village in *Norfolk*, where the Church stands upon a high Stony-hill; the Lady there and her Family, when they went

went to Church, did use to Load the Fool with all their Cloaks and Saveguards, for fear it should Rain by the way; and always gave him a Stick between his Legs, telling him he should ride up, for 'twas a Horse; which he often did with Confidence and Satisfaction to himself: But being one time come to the top of the Hill, and being much loaded with the aforesaid things, he began to puff and blow extreamly, saying, *D'ye call this a Horse? I am sure but for the Name of a Horse, I had as good a gone a foot all the way.*

41.

A Cobler was sitting in his Shop a singing merrily, his Song was this, *Tamberlain was and he was; and Tamberlain was and he was*; and continued so singing, and nothing else, many times together; which a Gentleman that past by took notice of, and said to the Cobler, *Prithee Friend*, says the Gentleman, *what was he?* *Why*, says the Cobler, *as arrant a Fool as your self, for ought I know: Sirrah*, says the Gentleman, *you are a Rascal, come out and I'll kick you*; No *Sir*, says he, *'tis no matter, I thank you for your Love as much as if I had it, for I don't want kicking: Sirrah*, says the Gentleman again, *Come out and I'll give you a kick*: No *Sir*, says he, *You need*

not trouble your self, I won't come if you'd give me two.

42.

A School-master did always dictate to his Scholars, *H non est Litera*, that is *H* is no Letter; and on a time he call'd one of the Scholars to him, and bid him *beat the Cawdle*, and when he askt for it, the Scholar told him, *that he had done with the Cawdle as he bid him, What's that?* says his Master, *Why Sir*, says he, *I did eat it: Sirrah*, says he, *I bid you beat it with an H: Yes Sir*, says he, *But I did eat it with Bread.*

43.

A Gentleman desired of a Covetous Neighbour of his to lend him ten pounds, he professed he had none to spare; but the Gentleman having at that time very great occasion, told him, he had a Gelding, that he had been offered twelve pounds for, but for the present he will take ten: *Well Sir*, says the Miser, I *will go and try a Friend* (which you may be sure was his Chest) *and fetch the Money presently*: which when the Gentleman had received, and the Horse delivered, he said, *Now I find that Horses have more Credit than Men, and so God-a-mercy Horse.*

44. Two

44.

Two Fellows going with a Present to a Covetous Man, one of them said they should but lose their labour; well, says t'other, I'll hold you a Crown that we shall get there both Meat, Drink, and Money; Done, says t'other: And being come thither, one of them told him. that he was very dry, then he bid them go down into the Cellar; and when they came there, he told the Butler, that he could not drink without eating; then the Butler went up and told his Master of it, who bid him set a cold Pasty before them; of which they eat plentifully: And when they had filled their Bellies they both went to the Master to take their leaves of him (also expecting some gratuity) which when they saw not appearing, says one of them boldly, *Pray Sir, what shall we say to our Master, if he should ask us what you gave us?* which put him to a stand for a while, at lost he gave them half a Crown: so the fellow won his wager.

45.

A Cavalier in *Oxfordshire*, that was very zealous in his Loyalty for his Prince, and had suffered very much for it; and once meeting with some of the Rumpish Officers at *Oxford*, says one of them to him,

God save you, Noble Squire, and you, says he, *if it be possible:* for he did believe that all that were against the King could not be saved.

46.

Some Women were making merry together at a Gossipping at *Limus*, near *Ratcliff*, and the God-father was there among them; but one of the Women that was an Arch Jade, said to him, *Sir I have something to say to you. Well,* says he, *say on: Don't you know,* says she, Ratcliff *Market? yes,* says he, *Very well: Why,* says she, *if you will meet me there to morrow morning with a Tu— in your Mouth, I'll give you a pint of Sack: but,* says he, *I must drink it to wash my mouth, and if I do not do it, then you shall have the Sack again at second hand: Well,* says she, *I see that you would cast your kindness upon me, if I do accept on't: And* says he, *If I do not meet you there, yet I'll come hither and tell you that I can't come to you.*

47.

There were two Modest and Civil *Whetstons-park* Women, that were scolding most comfortably in the street together; and amongst their vertuous Discourse (of which there was great store) to the great Satisfaction of all the Neighbourhood, that

their

their Daughters might learn the better how to behave themselves: One called the other Whore: *Faith*, says she, *and thou wouldst fain be a Whore too, but that thou are so ugly, that no body will lye with thee: What you Whore*, says she, *I can have one for a Groat a night and thank ye too.*

48.

A Gentleman was riding through a Forrest in *Oxfordshire*, where two supposed Cripples begg'd something of him; then he put his Hand in his Pocket, and bid them give him a Groat, and he would give them a Six-Pence, which they did; and when he had the Groat he rode away with it: With that one of them swore a great Oath, saying, *Cut thy Girth Tom, cut thy Girth, you Rogue, and let us after him*: And though he gallopt a good pace away, yet they were so nimble (and so by consequence Cripples) that they over took him as he was opening a Gate, and had almost laid hold on him; that the Gentleman, for his security was forc'd to throw two or three Shillings down on the Ground, and whilst they were scrabling for that he got away: *Probatum est.*

49.

A Gentleman and a peevish Parson were riding together (in an extream rainy day)

day) in the Forrest of *Sherwood* in *Nottingham-shire*; so that there was no House within four or five miles of the place, that they were soundly sowst with the Rain; which made the Parson fret and vex extreamly: *Come chear up*, says the Gentleman to him, *for if it does not hold up quickly we'll e'ne do as they do in* Spain. *Well*, says the Parson, *what's that*? *Why* says t'other, *e'ne let it rain on*: which put the Parson in a greater chafe than before. And as they gallopt along by a poor Beggerman's Hutt, which was in the middle of the Forrest, and just in the High-way, and being almost a quarter of a mile gallopt beyond it, the Old Man hearing some Horses gallop by, come out and crys, *D'ye hear, d'ye hear, d'ye hear Gentlemen*, which made them think, that he would tell them something to avoid Robbing, and so presently gallopt back again to the Hutt. Then says the begger to them, *Pray Gentlemen bestow a penny upon a poor Old Man*: which put the Parson into such a Fury, that he would have beat the Begger, and had so done but for the Gentleman; who was so pleased with the Humour of the Old Man, and the Conceit also, and to see the Parson in such a Fume; that he threw him six-pence: So they both rode away

way for *Tuxford* as fast as they could; and when they came there, they had never a wet Thred dry about them: *Probatum est.*

50.

A Fellow that had never a Nose, a roguish Beggar begg'd of him an Alms, and still as he begg'd, he prayed for his eye-sight; he askt him what he meant by that? He told him, that he hoped his eye-sight would never fail him; *Forif it does*, says he, *you are in a most miserable Condition*; for there was no place to fix a pair of Spectacles on.

51.

Another meeting him by chance without a Nose, askt him by way of jeer, what that was upon his Nose? He said, a Worm. *Alas poor Worm*, says he, *I see he is faint to go about, now the Bridge is broken down.*

52.

An Apothecary in *Oxford* spoke to a Country-man, by way of Jeer, to bring him some live Rats, and he would give him eighteen pence a piece for them; and a fortnight after he brought them; and then the Apothecary told him, *That he was provided the day before.* The Country Fellow seeing he was abused, was resolved to be quit with him, saying, *I am unwilling (seeing*

ing I have brought them) to carry them back again; and told him, he would take three pence out in Physick at some time or other, and so opened his Bag, and let them about the Shop, which did so whisk up and down the Shelves, that in a little space they broke him about forty Pots and Glasses, and could never be rid of them since. *Probatum est.*

53.

A Lady in *Covent-Garden* that had a Daughter about four years of Age, and being below a pretty space, her mother call'd for her up, and askt her, *Where she had been all that while?* she told her, *That she had been to see her Brother learn to dance, and that he was taught by a Monkey*; alluding to the great deformity that was in the Dancing-master: and the same Girl told her Mother on a week-day, *That she thought it was Sunday*, because the Sun then did shine so bright, which had been clouded so long before: which was much in a Child of four years of Age.

54.

One told him that had never a Nose, that though his Complices were fled that joyned with him in the Plot against the State, that he should be made a Sacrifice for all the rest. *Nay*, says he, *I don't fear, for the*

the Old Law ſays, that nothing muſt be ſacrificed that had a Blemiſh.

55.

A Gentleman was forc'd for his Loyalty to betake himſelf to the Sea for his ſecurity and relief, during the time of the Grand Rebellion, and was there ſo long, that he became an expert Seaman; inſomuch that when he came back (which was about the time of his Majeſties moſt happy Reſtauration.) he was askt by a Fanatick Parſon, *Whether he could ſay his Compaſs or not? Yes*, ſays he, *that I can, and I'll lay a wager with you alſo, that I can ſay my Compaſs better than you can ſay the Lord's Prayer*; (which he poor heart heart had diſcontinued for many years before) and the Sea Captain was the Judge to determine who ſaid beſt: So the Gentleman ſaid over his Compaſs, and the Parſon the Lord's Prayer; but the Captain could not judge who ſaid beſt: Then the Gentleman began to ſay his Compaſs backward, which he did very well; but the Parſon could not ſay the Lords Prayer backwards; ſo that the Gentleman won the wager; who alſo told him, *That it was no wonder that he could not ſay it backwards, becauſe for many years together he never ſaw him forwards to ſay it at all.*

56.

A man was condemned the last Sessions to be hang'd for a Robbery; but before and after he was condemned, his careful, dear, and loving wife bid him take no care; for she had took that care that he should not die; which made the man live more dissolutely than he would have done, but for his wife's Confidence; which Confidence she continued to him, till the night before he was to be hang'd: and then she came to him, and told him, *That all the great Promises made to her were come to nothing; for she could not procure him a Pardon by any means whatsoever*; which put the poor man into such a Grief and Trembling, that he was scarce himself: *Come Husband*, says she, *take Heart, for though I cannot get you a Pardon, yet I'll tell you what I'll do for you: I will make you an excellent Cawdle to night, which will make you sleep well, and another to morrow morning to comfort up your heart before you are hang'd: for truly I believe it troubles you as well as me, that I could not get your pardon; therefore pass it by this once; but if ever you come to be hang'd again, I'll warrant you, I'll get you your pardon.*

57.

A Fellow was accuſed before a Juſtice for calling a woman Whore: the Juſtice ask'd, why he did ſo? he told him, 'Be-'cauſe he had lain with her above a hun-'dred times. O pray Sir, *ſays ſhe*, don't be-'lieve him: for he never lay with me but 3 'times in his life, and then he promiſed to 'give me half a Crown a time; but I will 'aſſure you, Sir, I never receiv'd one pen-'ny of him. And why did you not ask him 'for it? ſays the Juſtice, Indeed Sir, *ſays* 'ſhe, I did often call upon him for it, nay I 'call'd him Rogue too, becauſe he would 'not pay me: why then, *ſays the Juſtice*, 'do you think him a Rogue? yes truly, Sir, '*ſays ſhe*, to aggravate the matter, he is a 'very Rogue: Nay, *ſays the Juſtice*, Then '*'tis* pity that a Rogue and a Whore ſhould 'be parted, and ſo ſent them both to Pri-ſon together; then they both intreated him: *Nay*, ſays the Juſtice, *confeſs and be hang'd*; and ſo ſent them both a-way.

58.

A mad hare-brain'd Country Fellow, came to a great Lady that was his Landla-dy, to tell her that his Wife was brought to Bed: 'Faith 'tis true Madam, *ſays he*, 'How brought to Bed, *ſays my Lady*, 'what

'what was she Drunk or Sick? No, no, 'Madam, I mean she has a Child: O, *says* '*my Lady*, now I understand you: Well 'then, *says she*, what has God sent her? 'Faith, *says he*, nothing as I know of, I 'don't believe she ever heard from him in 'her life: Puh, *says the Lady*, I mean has 'she a Boy or a Girl? O d'ye mean so for-'sooth Madam; why guess then, *says he*: 'Tis a Boy, *says my Lady*, no vaith Ma-'dam, guess again: Why a Girl, *says she*: 'Vaith Madam I think in my Conscience 'you are a Witch, 'tis a Girl indeed.

59.

A man being newly married, entred himself into a Fencing-School the very next day after, which made most of the Neighbours wonder why he did it: Some thought that he had a better Opinion of his Wife's Honesty than she deserved, and so thought it was to defend her; but the naked Truth was, that he had matcht with her before, now he did intend only to match her, because he knew she'd be at Daggers drawing with him, if he did but look angry.

60.

A Fellow was indicted for stealing a silver Cup, and the Judge askt him what he could say for himself, that Judgment should not pass upon him? He told him, that he meant

meant no hurt to the man when he took it, and did only intend to pawn it for a time, and then to bring it back to him again, and pay him ſo much a month for the uſe whilſt he had it; and that it was only a fooliſh Cuſtom he had got. *Well* ſays the Judge, *if it be your Cuſtom to ſteal, 'tis alſo my Cuſtom to hang up thoſe that do ſteal: For the Commandment ſays,* Thou ſhalt not ſteal: *Yes,* ſays he, *Thou muſt not ſteal, but I may, and therefore why ſhould I be hang'd for it? And beſides, Sir,* ſays the Thief, *I take it very ill from you to offer to hang me, only for having a Cup too much: No,* ſays the Juſtice, *'Tis not for having a Cup too much, but for having a Cup more than your own. Sir,* ſaid he, *I do not own it to be mine, it is his.*

61.

A cleanly woman in *Cambridge-ſhire*, had made good ſtore of Butter, and whilſt ſhe went a little way out into the Town, about ſome earneſt occaſions, a neighbour's Dog came in, in the mean time, and eat up half the Butter: Being come home, her maid told her what the Dog had done, and that ſhe had lockt him up in the Dairy-Houſe: So ſhe took the dog, and hang'd him up by the heels, till ſhe had ſqueez'd all the Butter out

of

of his Throat again; which she pretty cleanly Soul, took, and put to the rest of the Butter, and made it up for *Cambridge* Market; but her Maid told her, she was asham'd to see such a nasty Trick done: *Hold your peace, you Fool*, says she, *'tis good enough for Schollards; away to Market with it.*

62.

An Englishman and a *Scotch*-man were both in the Hold of a Ship together, in the last Engagement at Sea; and as they were in the heat of the Fight, says the *English*-man to him, *Com let's go up, and partake with our Brethren in the Fight, and not stand here like Drones, and do nothing. Be God*, says he, *wi aw my heart*: And as the *English*-man led the way, when he was half way up, a great Bullet came in, and cut him just in two in the middle. *Udsbread*, says the Scotch-*man*, *What the deel dost gang up to fight, and leave thy Arse behind thee?*

63.

A *French*-man was scoffing at the *English*-mens humours, because they did so admire their Nation. *Faith friends*, says the English-*man*, *you are mistaken; for we in* England *do esteem you, as you in* France *do our Hounds, for pleasure.*

64. At

64.

At a general hurling in *Cornwal*, which is ſtill obſerved twice a year, where alſo is great wreſtling and Cudgel-playing, a Miniſter happening to be among the multitude there; for reproving a Fellow for ſwearing ſo much, had his head broke very deep by a ſtone that the Fellow flung at him; which ſome that ſtood by ſeeing, ſaid, *Come Sir, we'll go along with you to a Juſtice. No*, ſays the Miniſter, *truly, I think there is more need to go with me to a Surgeon.*

65.

A great Divine being extreamly ſick, a Phyſician was ſent to him, and when he came, he askt him the cauſe of his Diſtemper? And finding the Phyſician to falter much in his diſcourſe, he told him plainly, he'd take none of his Phyſick: *For*, ſays he, *if he be not able to ſhew me the Cauſe, I am ſure he is leſs able to take it away*; And ſo had him turn'd out.

66.

A Gentleman was ſaying, that this is a ſtrange Age we live in; becauſe moſt Maids now a days do much reſemble their great Grand-mother, Goody *Eve*: for ſhe was no ſooner a woman, but ſhe was married; and as ſhe knew not her Husband till ſhe had eaten Fruit; ſo moſt Maids now, have commonly

monly Fruit before they know their Husbands.

67.

A woman in the Countrey having lost abundance of Linnen off her hedge; but could not imagine who was the Thief, so she went to a sober Gentleman, whom she took to be an Astrologer, to desire him to help her to her Linnen again: Then he took her up into his Chamber, and bid her lie down upon the Bed, and when he knew her as well as her husband, he told her, he would tell her more. *What*, says she, *d'ye intend to make me a Whore? Why yes*, says he, *why should not I make you a whore, as well as you make me a witch?*

68.

Hugh Peters in former times coming into a Cathedral, where they were singing the Litany; I wonder, says a man, why they would let any such Fellows come there: But however, he thought they sung very ill; and whereas they sung, *Have mercy upon us miserable Sinners*; he said they had more need to say, *Have mercy upon us miserable Singers*: Probatum est.

69.

A Rumpish Gallant that had been a little too forward (in those Days) in buying of the Kings Lands, for which he did repent

pent heartily, but not till it was too late; and this ſame very Perſon, had a little before made a Book called *A World in the Moon*; and after the Kings moſt happy Reſtauration, he had a great deſire it ſeems to ſpeak with his Majeſty; and among other diſcourſe, ſays the King to him; 'Sir, I 'hear that you have found out a new 'World in the Moon, and I being a Sove-'raign Prince (as you ſee I am now, though 'you did not think me ſo formerly) ſure I 'muſt needs havs ſome Lands there, and 'if you pleaſe I will ſell them to you; and 'what will you give me for them? O Sir, 'ſays he, I beg your Majeſties pardon, for 'I find it is dangerous to purchaſe any Kings 'Lands.

70.

Some Jovial Companions being in a Room a drinking together, one would have had another to have pledg'd him that Cup, he vow'd he would not; nay more than that, he ſaid, he reſolved to leave off drinking, becauſe it made him have a ſhort memory; which made the other laugh at him for it, ſwearing that he'd drink on ſtill, becauſe it made him have a long memory; *for ſince I have learnt to drink hard, I am a year in remembring that, which before I could call to mind preſently; and ſo have a long memory.*

71.

A Clown in *Flanders* had a very pretty Woman to his Wife, and both came to an Inn six miles from *Gaunt* that night, and a lusty *Spanish* Souldier happened to lie there that night also, and when they were both in Bed, he seeing she was handsome, made up the number three in the Bed, without saying by your leave; and the Woman it seems lay in the middle; and the Clown hearing the Souldier, as he thought something to bold with his Wife, durst not speak at first; at last he took a Courage (for you must know he was wonderfully valiant) and bid her desire the *Spaniard* to lie still, and she being a very discreet and good natur'd Woman, and to avoid any further quarrelling: Said, *Sweet Husband, you know I can't speak* Spanish, *but let me intreat you to rise and go to the Sexton, for he speaks* Spanish *very well*: So the good man followed his dear Wifes advice, and rose and went to him; and what was done then is quite out of my head now, yet I knew the Woman must needs be vertuous, and I think you'l swear discreet; but before he came back the *Spaniard* was gone, which when he perceiv'd he began to domineer: swearing if he had him here how he would Cudgel the Rogue, for troubling

of

of them ſo that night: *In truth Husband*, ſays ſhe, (very diſcreetly) I *am heartily glad you did not come while he was here, for in your anger I am ſure you'd a kill'd him; and I know you are very deſperate: But prethee ſweet heart*, ſays he, *how long did he ſtay when I was gone*; *Truly Husband*, ſays ſhe, *you were ſcarce out of the door but he ran away*: *Well*, ſays he, I *can't chuſe but laugh to ſee how I have ſcared him; you ſee what comes of policy and diſcretion now; for if I had been haſty, the Rogue might have killed me for ought I know, and then what would'ſt thou have done for ſuch a good Husband again, my dear? Truly Husband*, ſays he, *'twas beſt as it is, and I am very well pleas'd with what was done.*

72.

A Gallant wooing his Miſtreſs in Marriage, ſhe told him ſhe'd have none of him if he did not leave off taking Tobacco, and he was Bound to under Hand and Seal, that he ſhould never take any again; and on the Wedding Night he lay ſtill and ſtirr'd not; ſhe askt him the reaſon of it, he told her that ſhe had bound him from Tobacco, which did uſually make him active in all things, and without that was always like a Stone Statue. Then ſhe immediately knockt for the Maid and bid her bring in

the

the Bond, and withal some good Tobacco, and the Bond flung in the Fire; and after he had taken a Pipe then he gave her a kiss; then she call'd the Wench again saying, *Hussey, I charge you to bring in a dozen more, and that with all speed*; which being done, she left them to their repose.

73.

Appelles, the most Famous Painter, in the time of *Alexander* the Great, had drawn the Picture of the said *Alexander* on Horseback at *Ephesus*; but when *Alexander* had seen it, it seems he did not give it that Praise which it did deserve: Upon which a Horse was immediately brought in, who as soon as he had seen the Painted Horse, began to neigh, as thinking it to be a true: it was so exquisitely done; then *Appelles* told the King, that that Horse did understand Painting much better than him.

74.

Oliver Cromwel, when he was Protector, had a mind on a time to salace himself with some Mirth, for then there was a Cavalier Doctor that came to him at that time about his Benefice which had been wrongfully took from him; and *Oliver* knowing him to be Ingenious, was resolved to have some discourse with him; and after much talk, *Oliver* told him of a strange thing that happened

pened lately: O, says the Doctor, I *can tell you of a stranger thing then that, and for a Bottle of Wine you shall know it*: Well, after a Bottle or two drinking, says *Oliver, Come now, Doctor, your strange Story*: *Why* says he, *is not this a stranger thing then that, for who would have thought twenty years ago, that we should have had such a Copper-nosed King; and such a fat A--- Queen.*

75.

A Gentleman that was riding by a River-side, askt a Country Fellow, Whether that River might be past over or no? *Yes*, says he. Then the Gentleman went to try, and of a sudden plung'd himself over Head and Ears, and at last with much ado got out again: when he was out, says he, *You Rogue, did you not tell me that I might pass over*: *Truly Sir*, says he, I *would not have you angry, for I meant no hurt; for I thought you might go over safely, when I saw my Brother* Masons *Dog that is less then your Horse, go over and back again without any danger; and you and your Horse are ten times as big again as my Brothers Dog; for a little one is sooner drowned than a great one, Sir.*

76.

A Noble Man in this Kingdom desired a Gentleman (that was a merry Wag) to accompany him down in the Country this last

laſt Summer, wherein they had ſeveral merry Diſcourſes, and among the reſt, the Lord deſired him to ask what it was a Clock; ſo he askt a Shepherd that was on one ſide of the Coach, *what it was a Clock*? and he ſaid *Four*, then he askt another on t'other ſide of the Coach, and he ſaid *Five*; then the Lord askt *what it was a Clock*? and he told him *Nine*: *How ſo*? ſays he; *Why my Lord*, ſays he, *he on this ſide the Coach told me 'twas Four, and the other Five, and is not that Nine*: then the Lord bid him look on his Watch; which it ſeems was half an hour too ſlow; and my Lords went too faſt; yet he told him, *That his went the righteſt*: *No my Lord*, ſays he, *mine muſt needs be trueſt, for you know the Proverb is, ſlow and ſure.*

77.

A Young Country Fellow went a Wooing to a Country Laſs, and he had on then a ſpick and ſpan new Suit with Silver Buttons alſo; and in all his Diſcourſe with her he uſed all the Art he could to have her take notice of his Buttons; at laſt when he ſaw that ſhe would take no notice of them at all: *Well*, ſays he, *theſe Silver Buttons keep me ſo warm*: *Yes*, ſays ſhe, *you had beſt lie in them all night, leſt you ſhould take cold this froſty weather.*

78.

A Rich Usurer in *Oxford*, that had one Summer bought the Crop of Grass which then was standing in a large Meadow near *Maudlin* Bridge, but it seems it happened that Summer that there fell great store of Rain; which was succeeded with a great Flood, which came after the Grass was cut, and half made into Hay; which was almost all carried into the adjacent Rivers, and that which was left all destroyed; he then comes very pensively to *Maudlin* Bridge, and leans upon the wall, saying,

What Grass no by the Mass;
What Hay no by my Fay;
What Fodder ne'r Nodder;
What Muck the worst Luck.

79.

A reverend old Woman that had lived 70 odd, or thereabouts, and being something unsatisfied in her Religion, went to the Minister of the Town, who was a Presbyter, and having askt her many Questions, at last askt her how many Commandments there were? *Truly Sir*, says she, *an't please your worship, I don't know: for I never minded any of 'em all.* Then he called down his Maid *Ann*, and bid her name them all to her, and she named nine of them: *What*, says he, *is there but nine? No, Sir*

ſays ſhe, *for you and* I *broke one laſt night. Nay*, ſays the old woman, *if they be ſo eaſie to be broke*, I *am glad* I *had nothing at all to to do with them.*

80.

Some Gentlemen that were riding a hunting in a gloomy day, and coming to a Shepherd that ſate there under a Buſh, they askt him what weather it would be to day? he ſaid, *That weather which pleaſeth me.* They askt him what he meant by that? *Truly*, ſays he, *it ſhall be what weather it pleaſeth God, and what weather pleaſeth God that weather pleaſeth me.*

81.

A Gentleman that was a great Courtier of Ladies, and lov'd Hawking very much, was riding through *Burford* in *Oxford-ſhire*, and ſeeing a Fellow going home with a Sheeps head; ſays the Gentleman, *'Tis ſuch Rogues as this as makes our Dogs Meat ſo dear. And you*, ſays the Fellow, *'tis that makes Whores ſo dear; for formerly a man might have had one for a Groat, but you have ſo rais'd the price, that we can't get 'em now at any ordinary rate.*

82.

An Impudent and Brazen-fac't Fellow would almoſt every day intrude and invite him.

himſelf to a Perſon of Qualities Houſe ſtill about Dinner and Supper time; and once at his coming in, the Gentleman bid 'em ſtay Dinner a while; then he askt one of the Servants what time Dinner would come up? *Faith*, ſays the Fellow, *I'll aſſure you, Sir, not before you are gone.*

83.

A Quaker met with one of his Holy Sifters and askt her how all far'd at home? *Truly* ſays ſhe, *we all fare well, but my Daughter* Rebekah, *for ſhe is faln; what, from the Truth? No: faln in Love? No, for a Zealous Brother did fall in Love with her, and ſhe ſince is faln aſunder; and as we in our Country ſay, faln in twain: O Sifter, Sifter,* ſays he, *when Zealous Kittens meet, they will play together; for 'tis natural to 'em ſo to do.*

84.

A Gentleman of a great eſtate, who it ſeems hated Tobacco, and hearing his eldeſt Son did take it, though not in his preſence; he told him, if he knew that he did take Tobacco, that he would diſinherit him: *Truly Father*, ſays he, *they that told you ſo were miſtaken; for before that I will take any Tobacco, I'll ſee it all a fire: Say'ſt thou ſo my Boy*, ſays he, *I'll give thee* 500 l. *a year the more for that.*

85.

A Man that liv'd at a Market Town, intending to go further into the Countrey, but having forgot ſomething, came at night back again, and on the Bed found a pair of Breeches, and looking further, found a Man a-bed with his Wife: *Are theſe your Breeches?* ſays he, *Yes*, ſays the Man, *I profeſs*, ſays he, *if ever I find you a-bed with my Wife again, I'll throw your Breeches out o'the Window.*

86.

A Gentleman was drolling with a Woman, and told her he was reſolved to lie with her that night, but ſhe told him ſhe had her Husbands Company, then ſays he, *I muſt confeſs, though I love your Husbands company well, yet then I had rather have his room than his company: And truly*, ſays ſhe, *I had rather have his room empty at any time, than to have your company.*

87.

A Perſon of Quality in this Kingdom, was one night at Supper at *Pickadilly-houſe* which was then an Ordinary and great Gaming-Houſe, where he had bowled all day; and after Supper he call'd for ſome Cheeſe, which it ſeems was very thin and lean; then he ask't the Maſter of the Houſe where thoſe Cows went, of whoſe Milk

that

that Cheese was made? He told them they graz'd not far off; then he swore a great Oath that he was confident that they never fed in any other place then his Bowling Alley, which was made good by the fatness of the Cheese they now tasted of: for it cries *Rub, rub*, in the eating of it, when 'tis so long a going down.

88.

Another person of Quality also, in this Kingdom, amongst other Gentlemen, did often meet at a Bowling-Ally, which stood next to the Church-yard; and the Parson of that Church had this Benefit, That if any did swear there, he was to have 12 *d.* for every Oath: This Person aforesaid, happened to swear a great *Goliah* Oath, upon which the Parson demanded 12 *d.* which he gave him; and after that swore many others, for which he paid 12 *d.* a piece; and then swearing another, he demanded 12 *d.* as before; then he pluckt out of his pocket a 20 Shilling piece, and bid him give him 19 *s.* again: *Sir*, says he, *I cannot*: *Why then*, says he, *take it, for* I *intend to swear it out.*

89.

Queen *Elizabeth* was very much importuned by a Gentleman that was one of her Servants, for an Imployment that then was

fallen: *Why*, says the Queen, *you are not fit for it*; *An't please your Majesty*, says he, *I can get one to officiate it for me*: *I thank you indeed*, says the Queen, *for that, for so I may put in one of my Maids, and they can do it as well.*

90.

A Weaver at *Bourdeaux* in *France*, dreamt one night that he was a Cuckold, so he went to the Priest to desire him to take his Wives Confession, especially in that point: *Well*, says the Priest to him; *I'll lend thee my Gown and Hood, and you shall shrive her your self*: And it seems this very Priest had been very familiar with her; and while he was waiting for his Wives coming, he went and told her of the passage, and that 'twas her Husband in his Habit, that was to shrive her; so she comes to him, and after many impertinent questions which he ask't her, she told him she had lain only with three men, which was a *Young-man*, an *Old-man*, and a *Frier*: So he came home, as he thought undiscovered; and as he was at work, he often repeated the *Young-man*, the *Old-man*, and the *Frier*: *Faith Husband*, says she, *I believe the Priest has told you what I confess'd to day, and I did indeed so confess it*; *and yet Husband these three were but one*: *for I*

lay

lay with you when you were a Young-man, *and don't I lie with you now you are* Old? *And were not you the* Frier *to day? Therefor all theſe three were you my dear Husband. And is it ſo, my dear Wife? Now thou haſt given me ſo great ſatisfaction, that I ſhall never have an ill opinion of thee again: Come kiſs me.* Then he with Tears in his Eyes kiſſed her, and askt her pardon for his former miſtruſt of her; and the Frier was as welcome to them, and who but the Frier, when they had any Feaſt: Thus you ſee what 'tis for Men to miſtruſt their Wives when there is no cauſe, as you ſee it was in this Vertuous Woman.

91.

A great *German* Prince, that was much addicted to Drinking, had drank ſo much one day, that the next he was very ſick; then his Fool came in to him and askt him, why he was ſo melancholly? he told him his Sickneſs was occaſion'd by drinking yeſterday: *Why then,* ſays the Fool, *if that be all, I'll be your Phyſician; that is, if you are ill with drinking one day, the next day take a Hare of the ſame Dog. Well,* ſays the Prince, *and what the ſecond day?* The Fool told him the ſame again: *And what the third day?* the ſame too. *And what at the fourth?* Why the ſame. *We'll come*

to the purpose, says he, *and what the fifth day? Why Faith*, says he, *then you'll be as arrant a Fool as I am.*

92.

A Gallant it seems upon a time cast his eye upon precise Mistress *Temperance*, a Feather-makers Wife, and after a little conference, swore he would lie with her: *What*, says she, *cannot you glance upon a Modest Woman as* I *am, but you must covet; indeed Brother I must chide you for it: Well*, says she, *but that I am tender of Oaths, and would be loath to have you break yours, for the Oaths sake I am willing to consent to you at present; but otherwise* I *profess I would not do it, if you'd give me a thousand pound.*

93.

A Gallant once meeting in *Covent-Garden* with a handsome, and it seems, smart Lass, with her naked Breasts appearing very largely: Says he, I *pray Mistriss is that Flesh to be sold? No*, says she, *no Money shall buy it: Well*, says he, *then let me advise you if you will not sell, you should shut up your shop: Faith*, says she, *you may be confident I shall shut you out for ever entring into any of my doors: Then*, says he, *you have doors, but if you have, they must needs be wicked doors.*

94. A

94.

A Fellow at a *Coffee-houſe* ſwore that he ſaw a very ſtrange thing done in *Suffolk* lately, they askt him what it was? Then he told them a Maſty Dog ran at a Gentleman, and he not knowing how to avoid him, firſt thruſt his hand into his Mouth, and after that quite thorow, and catched hold of his Tail; and being very ſtrong, by main force turned him the wrong ſide outwards: All which he confirmed with a luſty Oath, and that he ſaw it done himſelf.

95.

A Man having a very Vertuous and good Huſwifely Woman to his Wife (as you will find by the ſtory) it ſeems he loſt her for three or four days, and having ſearcht all about for her, at laſt ſhe came home of her own accord, and told him that ſhe'd tell him very good News, if he would not be angry wits her, and indeed you have no cauſe if you knew all; for you know that we have a great deal of Money to pay for Rent and other things: *But Husband*, ſays ſhe, *I have got Money enough to pay every Body.* How he took it I can't tell, but certainly ſhe was a good woman, and loving to her Husband.

96.

Another Fanatick did adviſe his neighbour to leave off all wickedneſs whatſoever eſpecially that of the Fleſh, and live altogether by the Spirit; for we Holy men all do ſo: *Yes*, ſays his neighbour, *I do believe you, for ſure 'twas ſome Spirit that moved you to get your Maid with Child.*

97.

A Luſty Young Man was earneſt with his Father to be married, and after much importunity he was married to a Neighbours Daughter; he had not been Married ſix Months, but he look'd ſo bad, and was ſo ill and ſo feeble, that he could ſcarce ſtand upon his Legs; a little after he ſpi'd a Butcher running over a plowed Field after a mad Bull, then he askt him, why he did ſo? he told him to tame him: *O*, ſays he, *let him be married, let him be married, if that don't tame him I'll be hanged.*

98.

A Woman in twenty weeks after marriage, was brought to bed of a Boy; *How now Wife*, ſays he, *methinks this is a little too ſoon: No Husband*, ſays ſhe, *you miſtake, for we married only a little too late: Faith and I think ſo too*, ſays he; *and if ever we happen to marry again, we'll be ſure to marry a little ſooner, or not to marry at all, for this trick,*

trick. But Husband, says she, *you don't know the Custom, yet of the Womens going with Child; for we go twenty weeks by day, and twenty weeks by night. O then,* says he, *cham satisfied.*

99.

A Rich Simpleton was to Court a pretty Maid, and when he was come to her, his man would still be to help him out, (but I think he need not do that, for he was out enough himself) then she askt his Man what estate he had? He said a 1000 *l.* a year: *Puh,* says he, *my Mans a Fool; I, and a thousand, and a thousand to that too:* Then she askt him how long his Master went to School? He said near a twelve month: *He lies,* says he, *I was not there half so long; for my Master did nothing but whip me; so he did:* Then she askt his Man how old his Master was? He told her above five and twenty: *Puh,* says he, *I am five and twenty, and five and twenty, and five and twenty too: I think my man is the arranteſt Fool in the World: You speak for me, I hope I have so much wit as to speak for my self; and I hope Mistress forsooth you'll love me now, now you have heard all my good qualities: Yes,* says she, *I am willing to have you, so you'll promise me never to be*

my

my Husband: *Yes, forsooth*, says he, *I'll do any thing to please you, so you'll have me.*

100.

A Gentleman that came home one night drunk in the Winter time, was had to Bed; and his Wife staying up long after, when she was going to bed, she bid her Maid warm her side of the Bed with the Pan; and as she was doing of it, by chance burnt her Master's Thigh, which he felt not then, sleeping soundly: And about three days after, a Gentleman meeting of him in *Oxford*, askt him how he came so lame? *Nothing*, says he, *but only burnt by a Whore.*

101.

One since the King's Restauration, meeting with one of *Oliver*'s Relations in the Park thought to put a Trick upon her, saying, *Madam, your Father stinks now. Pray Sir, let me ask you a Question*, that is, *whether he be living or dead*? He then told her he was dead. *By my troth, Sir*, says she, *I thought so; for if he had been living, he would have made you stink too.*

102.

A great Lady that lived in a Market-town in the *North*, was pleased to give a Fool that was kept at the Town-charge his Diet every day, and one day coming about eleven of the Clock, two of my Ladies Gen-

Gentlemen were playing at Tables in the Hall, and they a one side o'the Table, and the Jackanapes a t'other, looking on them as they play'd, and as soon as it knockt to the Dresser, the Gentlemen left their Game to carry up Dinner; then the *Ape* took up the Dice in his hand, and flung them as they did, and turn'd the Men about also. Says the Fool to the *Ape*, *Come, faith I'll play with thee for a Pot and a Pipe*, and went to take the Dice out of his hand; then the *Ape* grinn'd and chatter'd at him, and still kept the Dice in his hand, and would not throw. Then says the Fool, *Throw, if thou be'st a man, throw*; and offered to take the dice away from him; which so incens'd the *Ape*, that he flew upon him, and had certainly kill'd him, had not some of the Gentlemen, that privately lookt on, came to his rescue: And from that time to this, the Fool could never be got to come to the House. And when he was to pass by the House, he would still go a t'other side of the Street, looking fearfully a one side, fearing the *Ape* should see him, which it seems he did out of the Window; and had he not been chain'd, had certainly leapt down, and fell upon him, which the Fool seeing, ran away crying as fast as he could, and left his Cap behind him for haste; and

could

could never be got to come through that Street again.

103.

The *French* Embassador being at dinner with King *James*, the King in mirth drank a Health to him, saying, *The King of* France *drinks a Health to the* French *King*. Upon which the *French* Embassador suddenly replied, *The King, my Master, is a good Lieutenant; for he holds* France *well for you. No*, says the King, *he holds it from me. Truly, Sir* says the Embassador, *it is no further from you than it was.*

104.

Count *Gundamore* being invited to the Reader's Feast at *Grays Inn*, just at the time of the *Palsgrave* (who was elected a little before King of *Bohemia*) was come to *Prague*; and among other Healths, one was begun to the King of *Bohemia*; he pledg'd it merrily, and thankt the Reader, and all the rest of the Company. For 'twas the first time that ever he pledg'd the Emperor's Health in *England*.

105.

Just at *Gundamore*'s going for *Spain*, King *James* sent to the Lord Mayor, to invite him to dinner before he went; and being at dinner, several Healths went about, and began by the Lord Mayor; then *Gundamore* began

began a Health to the King of *Spain*'s Miſtreſs, and after that another to his Wife: By his Miſtreſs, he meant the *Eaſt-Indies*, wherein he did give the *Engliſh* leave to be dabling in their Traffick; but by his wife, he meant the *Weſt-Indies*, which he is reſolved ſolely to keep to himſelf. *Therefore I pray my Lord Mayor, and you the reſt of theſe Noble Aldermen, do not offer to meddle with the King, my Maſter's Wife.*

106.

The *Florentines* once ſent an Apothecary for their Embaſſador to *Alphonſo*, King of *Naples*; and having acquitted himſelf elegantly, and with much generoſity at his firſt Audience, the King ſaid, *If the Apothecaries of* Florence *are ſuch, what ſhall we think of their Phyſicians? For the Pills of this Speech wrought ſtronger with me than e'er his other Pills did to any of his Patients*; alluding to the Family of *de Medicis* that were then Governours there.

107.

A Woman that had a good handſome young Daughter, ſent her to her Landlord at New-years-tide, with a New-years-gift, and he being a luſty Batchelor, and lov'd a pretty Lady beſides, and ſeeing the Maid to be handſome, with ſome Importunity, and ſome Gratuity, got her Con

ſent

ſent, that ſhe proved with Child, for whoſe Maintenance and Mothers too he paid: And then hearing of a lufty young woman and rich, that liv'd hard by him, he became a Suitor to her in Marriage; to which ſhe eaſily condeſcended: And on that day that they were to be married, the other that he had got with Child before, came to the Church alſo to ſee the Wedding, which her Child in her Arms; and all the while they were in the Church, that woman would dandle her Child up and down in her Arms; and ſometimes look upon her Landlord, and ſometimes on her Child, with a ſmiling Countenance; which that woman that was that day to be married to him obſerving, told him plainly, that ſhe would not be married till he gave her ſatisfaction concerning that Woman and her Child: He put her off ſtill with excuſes; but at laſt he told her he would tell her the truth, if ſhe would not take it ill. *No*, ſays ſhe, *I will not, let it be what it will. Why then*, ſays he, *I got her with Child, and that is the Child in her Arms. Puh*, ſays ſhe, *is that all? I had one a twelve month ago by a Londoner that lodg'd at our houſe. Say you ſo*, ſays he, *then I faith I'll marry a Whore of my own making rather than of another man's*; and ſo call'd the Woman

to

to him that had the Child in her *Arms*, and married her presently.

108.

A little Girl about twelve years old, took her Sister, which was about two years old upon her Back a pick-pack, and running about the room with it, said, *Who'll buy my Pack? Who'll buy my Pack?* At last her Father seeing no body else would take notice of her call'd to her and said, *Come I'll buy your Pack.* With that she took the Child off her Shoulders, and gave it to her Father, saying, *Here, take it, 'tis a Pig of your own Sow.* Probatum est.

109.

A man met near *Billings-gate* a *Hartford-shire* Man and his Wife, that he had not seen a long time; and told him, he'd give his Wife some Oysters. *Hang her*, says he, *she never eat any Oysters in her life; for she eat but three t'other day, and she was as sick as the driven Snow. What, with eating of three? No*, says he, *but with eating of Oysters. Why, you said first she eat none. Yes*, says he, *none but three.*

110.

A School-Boy in *Oxford* was surpriz'd in the Street, by having a great Occasion to untruss a Point; and the Fashion in those days was, that they tied their Breeches with

with Points, and the poor Boys, one was so tied, that he could not undo it, though he were in a great deal of haste; and at last finding he could not untie it, was forced for haste sake to put off Doublet and all in the corner of a Street, and for haste sake, as beforesaid, never took notice how his Doublet fell; so that he discharged his Gun just in his sleeve of his Doublet, and did not know it neither; and fearing any should come by, he hastened away, and put on his Doublet again: and when he had thrust in his Arm, he thrust with his fist all the powder that came out of his Gun; and finding himself in this sweet powder pickle, instead of going to School, he was forced to go home to mundifie himself, which when it came to be known, there was an Adjective added to his Surname for a long time after; that had an *Sh.* at the beginning. *Probatum est.*

III.

A rich Knight in the Conntry, that was covetous withal, had a Daughter whose Name was *Grace*, that was very handsome, and indeed of good humor, witty, and well bred, which a young man had a kindness for; but having no Fortune, durst not presume further than joking; and having heard the Knight say that

that he would make his Daughter worth 2000 *l.* he in a frolick comes to him, and knowing him to be very covetous, told him that he knew how to ſave him 500 *l.* in a buſineſs; and this young man was a Lawyers Clerk, and therefore he thought he might diſcover ſomething about the Law wherein he might ſtand him in ſome ſtead, and ſo bid him very welcome, and invited him to dinner: And after dinner bid his Wife give him ſome Sweet-meats, and the wet went into his mouth, but the dry made a ſally into his Pocket; and after having fill'd both belly, pocket, and mind, with good meat, ſweet-meats, and good welcome, the Knight told his Wife what a good Friend he was to him, and how he knew that he could ſave him 500 l. in a buſineſs, which made his Wife the more earneſt to know it; and being all three ſate down in the Couch together, and Mrs. *Grace* in another Chair by, the Knight ask'd him wherein he could do him that courteſie as he ſpoke of? *Why thus I can do it Sir*, ſays he, *I am certainly informed that you will give in marriage with your Daughter* Grace 2000 *l. and I am willing to take her with* 1500 *l.* The Knight hearing what he ſaid, began to curſe and ſwear; then the Gentleman thankt him for his

ſweet-

Sweet-meats; no says he, thank my Wife for them: But after that, for the conceits sake, Mrs. *Grace* had a great kindness for him: For fear of which they instantly clapt up a match for her, but 'tis confidently said that the Lawyers Clerk (who indeed was a Gentleman) made her frequent Visits, and with allowance of the Female, but whether of the new married Male, I know not. *Probatum est.*

112.

A Lady in this Kingdom hearing that a Lady, that was a Person of Quality, did much long for Oysters, she then sent a Foot-man of hers, that was an *Irish*-Man, to the said Lady with a Barrel of Oysters, and as he was going, he met an Arch Wag by the way, who askt him whither he was going? Then he told him: 'O 'Donniel, says he, you must gut them before 'you go, or else they will Poyson the La-'dy; I Predde, *says he*, show me how to 'do it? So the Fellow took them and opened them, and took out all the Oysters and put them into a Wooden Dish that was by, and then put all the Shells again into the Barrel: *Now*, says he, *you may carry them, for they are all Gutted*: E Fait, said *Donniel*, *for this Kindness I'll give thee a pint of Wine out of the Vails that I shall* have

have of my Lady: but I know not how they were accepted.

113.

A Blind Man inviting another Blind Man to Supper: *Methinks*, says the Blind Host, *this Candle burns dim: So methinks too*, says the Blind Guest: *Wife*, says he, *mend this light with a Pox t'ye, that we may see the better to chuse our meat.* Then she being a very obedient and obliging Woman, put the Candle quite out, and presently clapt down two empty Candlesticks upon the Table, because she knew her Husbands feeling was good still: *Now Husband*, says she, *how d'ye like it?* I *marry*, says he, *now 'tis light indeed, Come Neighbour fall to and welcome*: And after Supper he bid his Wife light the Guest out-a-doors: *Myself you mean*, says she, No, *I mean him*; *Why* says she, *he's blind Why then you whore, has he not the more need of light?*

114.

Though age and youth can never agree yet once I knew two young and two old folks agree like Lambs together for divers years: and thus it was. An old Woman lov'd a young Man and married him; and likewise an old Man loved a young Woman and he maried her; and they were both coupled

made of his Eſtate now his Father was dead? He told him that he made more in one year than his Father did in twenty, for he made but Five hundred pound a year of it, but I made Ten thouſand pound of it in one years time: *O*, ſays he, *then I find that you were ſo good a Husband, that you ſold it a year after your Fathers death; and I queſtion now whether you will make any thing of it at all before the twenty years be at an end.*

118.

Two Widdows that were devilliſh Scolds and very litigious, had ſpent great ſtore of Money in Law, about a frivolous thing: a friend comes to one of them, and told her, that her Enemy had removed her Suit into the Chancery: *Well*, ſays that Virago, *let her remove it to Hell, I am ſure I ſhall have a Lawyer to follow it; for I am ſure ſome of 'em has followed me to Hell for a Dinner.*

119.

A Man once askt a ſottiſh Fellow where he lay? He told him he lay at the *Three Cups in* Breadſtreet: *Faith*, ſays he, *thou might'ſt well have left out* Bread-ſtreet, *for whether thou do'ſt Sup or Dine, e're thou goeſt to bed, thou't be in thy Cups.*

120. Some

120.

Some Gentlemen were the last Christmas at a Friends House making merry together, and four of the Company being at Cards together at a Table, where one was as it were lockt in, and could not get out, without disturbing the rest of the company: and being an arch Wag, he desired the Mistress of the House to let her Maid do him but a small Courtesie; she told him yes, with all her hear: so he wink'd upon the company not to laugh, nor take any notice of his Conceit at all, but follow their game: then he spoke to the Girl (which was not above 14 years of age, and newly come out of the Country, and a very innocent poor Soul) and intreated her that she would but do him so much kindness (in regard he could not come forth himself) as to go into the yard and make water for him; with that the Girl began to blush, but her Mistress (to keep up the humour kept her countenance also) and said to the Girl, *Hussey, if you can, go and do it the Gentleman; for you see he can't well come out himself: Truly forsooth*, says she, *I can't indeed, for I made my water but just now in our back Kitchin.* Which set them all a laughing, and the poor Girl a crying; but the Gentleman gave her six pence to pacifie her: *Probatum est.*

121. A

121.

A Humorous Country Knight gave his Man that waited on him this Charge, that he ſhould never ſay any thing to him but what he askt him; a little after he invited two Gentlemen to his Childs Chriſtening, his Man accordingly went to'em, and acquainted them with it, they bid him thank his Maſter, but to let him know they were præ-engaged and could not come that day; and the Knight ſtay'd an hour later then ordinary for their coming, but ſeeing they came not, he askt his Man if he had ſpoke to'em? *Yes*, ſays he, *but they ſaid they could not come*: *You Rogue*, ſays he, *why did not you tell me ſo before*? *Why truly Sir*, ſays he, *becauſe you did not ask me.*

122.

A Parſon in a Pariſh was thought to be more familiar than ordinary with a Woman who had Ten Children, and ſhe told her Husband that Nine were his and no more. *Well*, ſays he, *I never denied the Clergy their due, and will not begin now to break that Cuſtom; for I'll keep the Nine and give the Tenth for his Tithe, as being rightly due to him.*

123. *A*

123.

A man was saying, That such a man had an ill opinion of him. *O Sir*, says another, *there's your mistake; for I'll assure you he stands well in his own conceit. By my troth*, says a third, *so he had need; for he stands so in no body's else but his own.*

124.

Says a Fellow, that had lost one of his Ears at *Newcastle*, for no goodness 'tis thought; when one told him a Story, *'Tis in at one ear, and out at t'other. By my troth*, says the other, *then there's a great deal of wonder in the travel of these Tales, for thy two Ears be two hundred miles asunder.*

125.

Says a mad Fellow, *Tis credibly reported that the Devils dead, I wonder who shall inherit his Land?* O, says a man (that it seems had a very good woman to his---Wife) *that shall my Wife; for I am sure she is the neareſt a kinn. The Devil she is*, says t'other.

126.

Two Scholars in the University, the one a great Eater, and the other a small, says he that eat least, *This small diet will make us good Scholars. Tis true*, says t'other, *and this thin Dinner will make me study in-*

that is, to make me study to get more meat, when this is gone.

127.

A Widdow in *Norwich* did desire a Gossipping Neighbour of hers to get her a Husband, not for any carnal desire she had, but only to look to her Estate; which I find too great and troublesome to look after my self; and about three days after the Woman came and acquainted her that she had provided her a very good husband, that was rich, discreet, and very industrious, but only wants you know what; which I am sure you regard not as you told me before. *Why truly*, says she, *these are all very good qualities, yet I would not have him to lack any thing, that if we chance to fall out may make us friends agen.* By which you may understand that her Gossip lost her three days labour.

128.

A Man chiding his Wife, told her, *That she could call nothing hers, but her Ring, Fillet, and Hair-lace, nay her very Breech was none of hers*; Which the good and harmless Woman understanding, one night let som'thing drop into the Bed, which having found out by the smell, askt her what was the Cause of her so doing? She told him, *That whilest she thought her Breech hers, she had a com-*

mand

mand over it; but being his, she could not rule another Bodies body; Tar-box for that, dear Husband.

129.

A little Boy being a cutting some Bread and Butter, says his Brother to him, *Why did you not cut me some, when you were a cutting some for your self, you Bastard you? What*, says he, *d'ye call my Mother Whore, you Son of a Bitch. If I am the Son of a Bitch then you are a Whelp; And so are you, you Puppy*, says t'other.

130.

A Scholar coming home from *Cambridge* to his Father, his Father askt him what he had learnt? *Why Father*, says he, *I'll prove that this Capon is better than the blessing of God. How Zon*, says he, *come let's hear it; Why thus, Father*, says he, *nothing you know is better than the blessing of God, and this Leg of the Capon is better than nothing*; Ergo. Tarbox, *thou meanest*, says his Father. *And well, and what else canst thou do? Why*, says he, *I'll prove these two Chickens to be three; thus, here's one: Well*, says his Father, *and here's another, that's two: Well*, says he, *and is not one and two three? Well*, says his Father, *you have spoke very well, here Wife, do thee take one, and I'll take t'other; and*

and our Son ſhall have the third, cauſe he found it out.

131.

A humorous and rich Ig*noramus*, did pretend much to ſpeak conceited words, and his uſual word was, I *think ſo too*; So he askt a poor Gentleman one day (that us'd to viſit for a Dinners ſake) how old he was? He told him as old as his little finger; and after he had pauſed a little while, *In troth* ſays he, *I think ſo too; for I muſt ſtudy long before I can find out your conceits.* Then the Gentleman told him, that ſuch a Lord had done for him more than he deſerved; then ſays t'other I think ſo too. And another told me that I was a wiſe man; but ſays he, I know to the contrary; for I am a fool: *I think ſo too*, ſays the Humouriſt. And another told me I was an Intruding Knave; ſays t'other, I *think ſo too. Well*, ſays he, I *ſee you are good natur'd, for whatſoever I think you think ſo too. That makes you viſit me ſo often, for the love I bear to you, for I love your company better than---Than what? Than my meat. O*, ſays he, *you have given me many wipes to day. Why yes* ſays he, I *hope you allow me as great a priviledge as you do my Napkins: For you ſee that they wipe you often.*

132. After

132.

After ſome Thieves had robb'd a Gentleman of a great deal of Money, a Watch and Ring, and good Cloths, that were in the Portmantua: *Sir*, ſays his Man (which was very ingenious) *muſt I give them the hundred pound in Gold which is quelted in my Breeches too? Yes*, ſays his Maſter, *by all means, for they are very civil perſons, and have eas'd me and my horſes of a great deal of luggage and trouble.* This is to let us ſee what happineſs it is to have ſo good and diſcreet a Servant as his Man was.

133.

A Fellow in the County of *Kent* was ſo very poor, that he could not get Victuals to put into his Head; he began to deſpair, and took a Rope and went to hang himſelf; and as he was going to a Tree to do the Execution, he ſpied where ſome great Treaſure was hid; which he immediately took away, and left the Halter in the place; and a little after the Owner of the Treaſure came to take a view of it, as was his daily cuſtom, and finding it to be gone, for very grief he takes the Halter and Hangs himſelf; but I think he deſerves to be Hang'd agen, becauſe he Hang'd himſelf contrary to Law.

134.

A great and discreet Lady was one day disputing with a Physician, and askt him why he did always prescribe either Asses or Goats Milk for one in a Consumption? *For*, says she, *truly I think that the Milk of a Cow should be far better; as having better flesh & better feeding, and always breeds better blood and humors. No Madam*, says the Physitian, *I do not approve of your opinion by any means, unless the Patient be a Calf.*

135.

A good sufficient man that liv'd in the Suburbs of *London*, amongst other things of his Estate, had a good large Field before, and then had newly purchased two Fields more; which made a Gentleman say that he had purchased *More-Fields*.

136.

One meeting a mad Fellow that was drunk, askt him whither he was going? says he, *I am going to the Tavern: No*, says t'other, *that you are not; for Drunkenness is the way to Hell, and thither you are going. Puh*, says the Drunkard, *you are therein much mistaken; and I ne'r fear that, for I am so drunk, that my Legs are not able to carry me so far; and what need I go thither agen, for I came from the Devil (Tavern) but now.*

137.

A man was telling very ſoberly to an Arch wag, that ſuch a Veniſon Paſty was an excellent good one, and that he was very ſorry it was eaten; and could find in his heart to write an Epitaph upon it: then he told him that he muſt write his Epitaph in the Houſe of Office, for there 'twas buried.

138.

A fair young Lady being upon occaſion at the Aſſizes in *Oxford*, and ſeeing the Sheriff, who was a very fair young Gallant, to wait upon the Judge, that was an old man, to and fro, as there was occaſion; her friend askt her, if ſhe was put to her choice, which ſhe had moſt mind to marry, the Judge or the Sheriff? She told him the Sheriff. *Why ſo?* ſays he. *Why truly*, ſays ſhe, I *do confeſs I love Judgment well, but I love Exention much better.*

139.

In former times, when firſt they wore high-crown'd Hatts, every one began to ſpend their Verdicts on it; One ſaid they were like Pyramids, a ſecond like Sugar-loaves; but a third told them plainly they were like Cloſe-ſtool-pans; and if the old Philoſophers were alive, they'd wonder to ſee men put their Heads where their Tails ſhould be; and therefore 'twas certain

twas no new Fashion: but Hats that came from their Predecessors, and so by consequence *Intail'd Hatts*; and I think *I ha't* now.

140.

Some French-men seeing a man standing stock-still in the High-way in the midst of the rain, they askt him why he stood so? *Why*, says he, *d'ye think I am mad to ride in the Rain as you do? Why* says they, *Ma foy y'are quite wet. Indeed Gentlemen*, says he, *y'are much mistaken; for I will assure you that I have never a dry thred wet about me: Nor a wet thred dry, I'll swear*, says another.

141.

A confident Physitian demanded mony of another, for a Brother of his that was his Patient, and had been dead many years before; the Gentleman told him, indeed that 'twas a work of Charity to visit the sick (which did belong to his profession) but if he was in such hast, and so earnest for money, it were best for him to go and visit the Dead; and then he might be confident he should never want money more.

142.

A confident bold Fellow at a *Nisiprius* in the Countrey, having a Trial then in Law, and fearing that the Trial would go against

against him, said to the Judge, 'My Lord 'I do not desire your Sentence now, but on-'ly your Opinion at the present; and I 'will wait upon your Lordship for Judg-'ment at some other time. Well, *says the 'Judge*, if you'd only have my Opinion 'now, why then my Opinion, is That if you 'had had Judgment to be hang'd seven 'years ago, the Country would have been 'more quiet then now it is. Well, my 'Lord, *says he*, if this be your Opinion, 'then your Judgement and mine doth not 'suit at all; so that I'le have nothing to do 'with you, but go to another Judge.

143.

A Gentleman being at Dinner with some others with powdered Beef and Mustard, he having too much mustard at one time on his Meat, made him shed tears in a plentiful manner; then an old Gentlewoman ask't him, Why he cried so? He told her because his Grandfather died that day one and twenty years, and about that time a day. After Dinner, and the Gentleman gone, says the Gentlewomans Maid to her Mistress, that then waited at the Table, who was newly come out of the Countrey; *Truly forsooth Mistriss*, says she, *methinks that Gentleman that dined here, is a very good condition'd man, as to be concerned*

so much for the death of his Grandmother, that died so many years ago. Probatum est.

144.

A Fellow being so drunk, that he was fain to be carried home on mens Shoulders, as he was going, by chance he spied two men leading thorow the Street another Drunkard to his house also: when bursting out into a great passion, he said, *Is it not a shame that men should be so drunk as to be led home?* He pretty heart it seems was so drunk, that he did not know that he was carrying home himself.

145.

A modest Gentlewoman being compelled by her Mother to accuse her Husband of defect; and being in the Court, she humbly desired of the Judge, That she might write her mind, and not to speak it, for Modestys sake: The Judge gave her that liberty, and a Clerk was presently commanded to give her Pen, Ink and Paper; whereupon she took the Pen without dipping of it into the Ink, and made as if she would write; says the Clerk to her, *Madam, There's no Ink in your Pen. Truly Sir,* says she, *that's just my case, and therefore I need not explain my self any further.*

146.

A crafty Fellow being extremely in debt, and being threatned by his Creditors, that they would have him if he was above ground, got himself into a Cellar, and there lay with the Tapster; and being reproved for so doing, he told them there's no fear of catching him there, because 'twas under ground, and then they durst not break their Oaths, because they swore they would have him above Ground.

147.

A Fellow being adjudg'd to lose his Ears for some notorious Crime, and being in prison, was visited (though not sick) by some friends, three or four days before he was to suffer; then the visitants fell into a dispute about the loss of his Ears. One said the Ears were to be cut off by the root, another said only the tip, and they grew so hot upon this argument, that they fell together by the Ears; which the Prisoner seeing, intreated them to be patient, for he told them within a week he should be able to resolve them the doubt.

148.

An humorous ancient Gentleman was so much used to drink Burage, Balm, Bugloss, and other sorts of Garden Herbs in his Wine all the Summer, that when Winter

ter came, and no herbs to be had, he could not drink without putting a green Ribbon into the Glass, which no doubt but gave him satisfaction both in taste and smell.

149.

A very ingenious person set his Bottles in a Bucket down in a Well, to cool the Wine, and coming two hours after, to draw them up again, espied his and his Maps Image in the water; upon which he ran in for his Sword, swearing that the *Antipodes* were drinking up his Wine; but the man being as discreet as his Lord, told him that just as he went from the Well, one of them below ran away to fetch more company; which made me draw them up before you came back again: and as I pull'd, so did he at bottom pull, yet I was too strong for him, and got 'em up: *Well*, says my Lord very discreetly, *who'd a thought that these* Antipodes *had been so near us: nay I no sooner go to the Well, but one of them stares me in the face: so that If I do but hold up my hand at him, he holds up his hand at me agen, but I'll warrant 'em for catching any more of my Wine there agen. I am glad it was my fortune to find their roguery first.*

150.

Two Baboons being to be seen at their first coming to *London*, abundance of Citi-

zens

zens and others did reſort thither to take a view of them, and did heartily laugh at their uglineſs, and the ſtrange faces which they made; which a moſt motherly and very diſcreet woman being preſent, did ſharply thus rebuke 'em: *D'ye think you do well to laugh at ſtrangers, who underſtand not your Language, and if you were in their Countrey, you'd take it for a great abuſe I warrant you if they ſhould laugh at you*: ſo that you ſee 'tis a great happineſs to have one wiſe woman among the reſt.

151.

Another diſcreet motherly woman alſo, being with her huſband and other neighbours, invited to a Knights houſe, which was their Landlord in the Country; and as they were going out of the Hall into the Parlor, there was a Jack-an-apes tied by a Chain at the Parlor door; and as all the Tenants came in he would have a pluck and fling at 'em; which this worthy woman ſeeing, very diſcreetly askt the Uſher of the Hall what that young Gentleman was, and what his name was? He told her 'twas a *Jack-an-apes*; then ſhe very mannerly coming to go in, makes a very reverend Curtchy; and ſays, *By your leave* Mr. *Jack-an-apes*. The Ape hearing her ſpeak to him, began to chatter at her, and

to

to pluck her more than all the rest; at which she grew offended, and told him, let him be who he will, yet he was an ill bred man thus to affront an honest woman, who has been these Twenty years a Midwife in the Parish and my husband, I'd have you to know was Constable within these three years: but the Knight told her, what he did was but in jest, and he should do't no more; and so was removed from the Parlor door.

175.

A Lady said to *Oliver's* Wife, when he had newly made a Knight, *How can your husband make a Knight, when he is none himself: But*, says she boldly, *He is a Knight and shall be a Knight; and he has dubb'd him so.* O, says the new married Knight's wife, *If I thought dubbing would have made him a Knight, I could a dubbed him my self*; and all the rest that were there did own what she said: for what need he have been at the charge of a Knights Fee, when we can dubb 'em our selves without any charges at all; nay perhaps may get a Diamond Ring, or some other Rarity sometimes into the bargain: Tarbox for that too.

153.

A well-bred woman being above-ſtairs, and her well-tutor'd Son below, then ſhe call'd to him and ſaid, *Come up my Bird. What Bird mother,*? ſays this dutiful Son: *Why Whores-Bird Sirrah*, ſays ſhe; *By my troth Mother*, ſays he, I *think you never ſpoke truer in your life. Why Sirrah*, ſays ſhe, *if that be true, then you are a Baſtard. Why Mother, though* I *be a Baſtard, yet* I *am ſure you are not a Whore:* For how can ſhe be a Whore, when he is only a Baſtard?

154.

A Woman going to her Husbands funeral with ſeveral of her Neighbours, a Man among them, which was of the Pariſh too, came and whiſper'd her in the Ear as ſhe was going to Church; which when the company ſaw, they thought it was a buſineſs of ſome great concernment; but indeed it was to wooe her, *Sir*, ſays ſhe, I *thank you very kindly for your good-will, and do like you well enough; and am very ſorry alſo that you come too late; for* I'*ll aſſure you* I *was made ſure to another yeſterday.*

155.

There's a Proverb which ſays, *The fair laſts all the year*, ſaid a Woman; but ſays her Husband, 'My Dear, I can't in this years 'fair, ſell thee for fair. It may be ſo, *ſays*

'ſhe

'*she*; but I have the worſt luck, for I can 'neither ſell thee for fair nor foul. What's 'the reaſon of that Wife? *ſays he*: Why '*ſays ſhe*, my Mother always told me that 'no Cuckolds would off in a Fair; for ſhe 'could never put off her Husband there: 'and yet ſhe was as honeſt a woman as any 'in the pariſh, though I ſay it, that ſhould 'not ſay it.

156.

It ſeem'd one *Doll* was brought before a Judge for ſome Crime or other, which all believed was true; yet they could not prove it: ſays *Jone* to her, *Faith* Doll *how didſt come off? Why*, ſays Doll, I *ſet a good face on't. By my troth*, then ſays *Jone*, *thou didſt borrow it; for* I *am ſure thou never hadſt one of thy own.* Says Doll, *if* I *can have one for borrowing, what need* I *keep one of own?*

157.

'God ſends fortune to Fools, *ſaid a Man* '*to his Wife*: No indeed, *ſays his Wife*, for 'he made you a Fool, but 'twas I that 'gave you your fortune: which will ſend 'you to that place where the Devils can't 'come at you: For you know my dear Hus-'band, That all Cuckolds go to Heaven.

158

A Scholar in *Oxford* was often ſent to by a Citizen there for Money, which he pretended

pretended was due to him, and finding his anſwer not according to expectation he took the boldneſs and went to him himſelf, and modeſtly ſaid to him in private: *Sir, There's ſome Money betwixt you and I. Say you ſo,* ſays the Scholar, *I pray where is it? we'll divide it if you pleaſe. Sir,* ſays he, *I have taken your word for it hitherto. Truly,* ſays he, *ſo you are like to do till you are paid.*

159.

Another time he hired a Horſe of an *Oxford* Man for Two Shillings a day, and did engage that if the Horſe came to any diſaſter, he would pay him the price of him; which he ſaid was Six pounds; but after many ſendings to and fro, it ſeems he did ſtill remember to forget to pay him: and the Scholar having ſome occaſion to go for *London*, was there met by a Bayliff, who very Ingeniouſly ſaid to him, *Sir I Arreſt you for a Horſe; the more fool you,* ſays he, *do I look like a* Horſe? *Why then* ſays he, *I do Arreſt you: Truly,* ſays he, *I thank you for that, for I am very weary with walking: Sir,* ſays he, *I do tell you I do Arreſt you for Money: Why I know that,* ſays he, *for you won't do it without Money I am ſure.* At laſt ſays he, *You Bailiffs are very idle fellows. Why ſo,* ſays he, *becauſe* ſays the Scholar, *you are ſtill Arreſting, yet I muſt confeſs ſometimes you take a great deal of pains in it.* 160. *Jane,*

160.

Jane, says a Man to a Woman, I'll give thee Ten Shillings if thou will not answer me with a lie: and when she had took it: says he, *Tell me true is thy Husband a Cuckold or no*? upon this she answered him never a word; and when he saw that he could not make her speak, he demanded his Ten Shillings again. 'Why, *says she*, did 'I make any lie to you? No, *says he*. Then '*says she*, I have won the wager, and thou 'art ne'r the neer for thy question. Then he swore he would never talk with that Woman again, that can revile a man in speech, and in silence beguile him.

161.

A Gentleman that used to be smart in his Repartees, once had in his Hat a very gallant and rich Knot, or Faver of Gold and Silver Ribbon; which some young Ladies had a mind to, if they could get it handsomely without begging of it; and so one of them said to him: 'Sir, you have 'a very fine Faver in your Hat; *and so they said all*: Pray Madam, *says he to the first*, 'tell me truly do you like it? Yes indeed 'Sir, *says she*. Why then, *says he*, if you had 'not lik't it, I would have flung it into the 'Fire; but since you say you like it, I pro 'test I like it the better, and am resolved to keep it for your sakes.

162.

A Gentleman that had a great Wit, and well belov'd among the great ones, and therefore invited often among them; but it seems had a very sore Leg; he being at a Noble mans Table, greedily cat'd at a Goblet of Wine, says my Lord to him, *Prithee* Jack *drink it not, for 'twill hurt thy Leg. O my Lord,* says he, *take no care for my Leg, for I have care enough of that, for I always drink o'the t'other side.*

163.

A Man that had a Woman to his Wife that was not much tongue-tied, and for her other imperfections the Man was much troubled, told her plainly, that if he were to be married agen, he'd never marry a Woman agen with a Beetle-Brow. *And* I says she, *had rather marry a Man with a Beetle Brow then a Beetle head.*

164.

One askt a Man where he liv'd? He told him he liv'd between *Ludgate* and *Newgate.* 'No says t'other, I don't believe that, 'for you cannot live between 'em: because 'you must either live in *Newgate* or *Lud-*'*gate*; or no where. Truly, *says he*, I'd as 'live be no where as be there.

165.

One was a saying also, that the Tapster and

and the Brewers Horſe are both alike; for, they both do draw Beer, but yet I muſt confeſs they do differ in this, That the Tapſter draws Beer and drinks it, but the Horſe draws: but drinks none.

167.

A man that had been terribly troubled in Law-Suits, went one day to *Tyburn*, to ſee the Execution, and then ſwore, 'twas better to have to do with *Tyburn* than *Weſtminſter-Hall*; for there Suits hang half a year, but at *Tyburn* half an hours hanging ends all.

168.

A Simple Fellow, it ſeems before ſome Women did let a crack behind; and then he brag'd and ſaid, that he had a very good report behind his Back: 'Tis true, ſays another, thy Tail can talk indeed, and yet it knows no Letter, for though thy Tongue can talk ſweeter, yet thy Tail can talk much better; for that has more wiſdom in telling a Tale than thy Tongue, and commonly thy Back Tale is very long, and therefore every Body does deſire to have an end of thy Tale as ſoon as they can,

169.

A many Men ſitting a drinking together, they were praiſing the Ale about *England*, as *Marget* Ale, and *Hull* Ale, and *Cheſhire* Ale,

Ale, and *Lambeth* Ale, *&c.* But one ſaid there was in *London* to his knowledge, the beſt in all *England*: and yet ſays another, there's as good Ale in *England* as in *London.*

170.

A Man being very much diſeas'd and weak, was bemoaning himſelf to his only Son, whom he lov'd very well. *For* Jack, ſays he, *if I ſtand my Legs ake, if I kneel my Knees ake, if I go my Feet ake, if I lie then my back akes, if I ſit my Hips ake, if* I *lean my Elbows ake. Why truly Father,* ſays he, (like a good dutiful Child) I *adviſe you Father to hang your ſelf an hour or two, and if that does not do, then come to me agen.*

171.

Two Men were Vapouring what they could do more than t'other, at laſt one ſaid *Sirrah I can do more than thee: Indeed,* ſays t'other, *I believe it, and* I *muſt yield to him, for he can kiſs my Belly behind, which I cannot do. Well then,* ſays t'other, *then* I *am the braveſt Fellow, for* I *can do more than you.*

172.

A Deaf Man was ſelling Pears at the Towns end in St. *Gileſes*, and a Gentleman riding out o'th Town, askt him what 'twas a Clock? He ſaid Ten a Penny Maſter: Then

Then he askt him agen what 'twas a Clock? He told 'em indeed he could afford no more. *You Rogue*, ſays he, *I'll kick you about the ſtreets*, then ſays the man, *Sir if you wo'nt another will.*

173.

A man in the North having been to Chriſten a Child, being ſomething in Drink, he was askt, whether it was a Boy or a Girl? *Indeed* ſays he, I *cannot tell.* Then they askt him the name. *Faith*, ſays he, I *have forgot that too, if it had one*; *but* I *well remember* I *heard the Miniſter talk of Creeds and Commandements, and ſuch kind of things, which* I *never heard of before*; *and that made me not mind it at all*; Why had the Child no name then? *Troth*, ſays he, I *can't tell that neither.*

174.

A Woman when ſhe gave her Grand-Child her Bleſſing, would always bid her beſtow her Maiden-head well; and one day being a Milking, a neighbours Son of hers paſſed by, being a handſome young-man, and askt her what he ſhould give her for her Maiden-head? ſhe told him her Grand-mother bid her not ſell it, but beſtow it well. *Why*, ſays he, *you can't beſtow it better than upon me.* So ſhe being very good natur'd, let him have it; and being come home

home, told her Grand-mother what she had done: *Out you Jade*, says she, *I did not mean so; but since he has got it, I charge thee on my Blessing to go back agen to him and fetch it; for no Man will marry you if your Maidenhead be gon*: So she came back and told him what her Grand-mother said (*for I'd have you to know*, says she, *that she is an understanding woman*) which made him seem much troubled: *Nay, nay* says she, I must *have it*; and then he like a good natur'd fellow, gave it her agen; which it may be some other men would not have done.

175.

A Gentleman that was not accounted a Philosopher, and a Man of slow speech also; had a very great desire to be dabbling with a pretty Young Woman that was a Vintners Widdow, who was a Woman of a smart Wit: Then he call'd for a Bottle of Sack, and sent for her, but she came not, and another, but she came not; but after three Bottles up she came; and having with Two or Three more with her, sitten a pretty while with him, he askt what was to Pay? Answer was made an Angel: 'That is Ten Shillings in our Country, says she. Methinks, says he, the 'word Angel had been better, because 'it came from you: Come Sir, says she, 'since

'since you say so, we'll have some Mirth before we part. Then she told 'em there was a Creature that spoke but once, and when it died it went neither to Heaven nor to Hell: he could not tell the meaning of it, then she told him it was *Balaams* Ass; for an Angel opened his mouth, but I think we must have Two Angels to open yours; and I am sure here is but one *Angel* in yet: Come Boy give us more Sack, which will be the only way to bring in the other Angel to open his mouth.

176.

A Man and his Wife, that formerly had liv'd well together, grew to be poor, and both of 'em lov'd the Pot well; and it happened that a friend of hers met her and gave her Six-Pence; so she came home with joy to her Husband, saying to him. What 'shall we have my dear Husband, for we 'are rich now: Wife, says he, 'tis your 'own, do what you will with it: Why 'then, says she, let me see wee'll have, stay, 'we will have, now I think on't, a *Groats* 'worth Bread and Two pence Drink: Do 'what you will, sweet-heart, says he, 'tis 'your own. Then she goes out of doors and comes back agen saying, 'No, now I 'think on't Husband, wee'll have Four 'penny-worth of Drink and Two penny-

'worth

'worth of Bread? Do what you pleaſe, 'ſays he, Sweet-heart, 'tis your own: Out ſhe goes agen, but comes in preſently: 'O 'Husband, ſays ſhe, now I think better 'on't, I am reſolved to have Five penny 'worth of Drink, and a penny in Bread: 'Do what you pleaſe my dear, ſays he, for 'tis your own: Then out ſhe goes and comes immediately back agen: 'I am now 'fully reſolved to have it all in Drink, and 'beg a Toaſt of them. O dear Wife, ſays 'he, now thou haſt won my Heart for e-'ver: Come I'll give thee a Buſs, but be 'ſure to let us have it, quick, quick, quick, 'you Rogue: Well Sweet-heart, ſays he, 'how happy it was that thou wenteſt out 'to day.

177.

A Gentleman lately walking in the *Strand*, was followed by a luſty begger, who crav'd his benevolence, he told him he'd give him nothing; ſtill he urg'd him he bid him be gone, and trouble him no more: then he importun'd him the more. *Sirrah*, ſays he, *you Rogue, I'll not give you a Farthing. Pray Sir*, ſays the Fellow, *let me ſpeak but one word to you*; *What's that?* ſays he, *That your Worſhip would but procure me a Whore. Why you Rogue*, ſays he, *do I look like*

a Pandar? *No Sir*, he ſaid, *but there's a Wiſe Man has ſaid, that a Whore will bring a Man to a Morſel of Bread, which I ſhould be glad of; for I profeſs Sir*, I *have ſeen none theſe three days.* Which conceit of his procur'd him a Shilling, and then the Gentleman went away. *Well*, ſays the Fellow, I *ſee that a Whore has a great Influence upon ſome Men, when but the Name of a Whore has now got me a Shilling:* I *did love them pretty well formerly, but now* I *ſhall love 'em the better as long as* I *live.*

178.

A Nobleman once told his Fool, that if he could but tell him what Sir *John Falſtaffs* Chriſten name was, he'd ſettle Eight Pound a year upon him for his Life, and he ſhould Marry the Dairy Maid, who he lov'd dearly: *Woo't I' faith Lord*, ſays *the Fool.* I *that I will*, ſays the Lord: *Swear it Lord, ſwear it*, ſays he. I *proteſt* I *will*, ſays my Lord: *Well ſtay a little then*; ſays he, *Sir* John, *what*, ſays he, *why Sir* John Falſtaffs *Chriſten name*: *Nay*, ſays my Lord, I'*ll tell you further, his Name is* Falſtaffe, *and he was Chriſtened* John; *now tell me what Sir* John Falſtaff's *Chriſten Name is.* And after he had walkt Two or Three times about the Room

Room, my Lord urg'd him to tell him: *Prithee Lord*, ſays he, *tell me his Name once agen; why his Name was* Falſtaffe, *and he was Chriſt'ned* John, *Now tell me his Chriſten Name?* At laſt, after half an hours pawſing: *Now Lord I have it, I have it*, ſays he; *for I can tell what Sir* John Falſtaffs *Chriſten name was, and ſhall I have Eight pound a year? Yes, and* Doll *too, I that thou ſhalt, I proteſt*, ſays he, *agen. Why then*, ſays he, *bear Witneſs, for I have hit on it now: Sir* John Falſtaff's *Chriſten Name was, he was Chriſtened Sir* John Falſtaffe: *Look you there you Rogues, who's a Fool now: Hey for* Doll, *O brave* Doll, *ſhe's my own, I'll go and buſs her now, for ſhe's mine own you Rogue.*

179.

A Drunken Fellow one Night was taking a Pipe of Tobacco, and being ſo reeling ripe, he could not hit the Candle with his Pipe to light it, which he finding, took up the Candle in his hand, and at laſt put the Pipe into the Candleſtick inſtead of the Candle, and then put the Candle into his Mouth inſtead of the Pipe; and after he had ſuckt a pretty while, and finding no ſmoak come, but the ſweet Tallow melting in his Mouth, he Swore a great Oath

that the Pipe-maker had not burnt it; for 'twas perfectly Clay ſtill; and therein he ſaid true (for how could the Candle be burnt when it was whole and unburnt) and this Rogue of a Pipe-maker, ſays he, has alſo forgot to make a hole in it too? *A pox on't*, ſays he, *I might a ſuckt long enough*, and ſo flung it away.

180.

A Country Fellow coming into *London*, had a broken Groat in his pocket, and came to a Goldſmiths Shop, and putting off his Hat very low, did deſire of the Prentice that he would give him a little piece of Silver as big as a Hazel Nut, to ſoder it agen, *and when you come into our Countrey*, ſays he, *I'll give you a piece of Lead ſhall be ten times as big*; the Prentice told him he had ſomething elſe to do: *What a Pox*, ſays he, *d'ye keep open Shop for, if you won't part with any of your Goods?* Says t'other, *My Goods will prove but bad, if I ſhould part with 'em in this manner.*

181.

A company of merry wags were got together at a Club, among which were bandied to and fro many ſmart reparties; but one among the Company, that thought himſelf a great Wit, and indeed I think ſo

too

too; for one askt him very seriously, Whether he thought he was his own Mother's Son? *Truly*, says he, *Gentlemen, I am not certain, but I believe I am, for you know, that are with, 'tis a hard question*: Then he was askt by another, whether he thought he was his own Fathers Son? *Faith*, says he, *I can't well tell, but for ought I know I am: for how can I be sure of that?* Upon which they all fell a Laughing: *Why Gentlemen*, says he, very discreetly, *'Tis a wise Child that knows his own Father.*

182.

An Old Woman that had never seen a Jack-an-apes in her Life before, and coming to *Bedford* to the Market, saw one riding on a Dogs back, and the Dog running away with him: Says she, *I am afraid that Young Gentleman will fall by and by, he rides so fast*; and when she saw he did not, then she cried out, *Well rid Young Gentleman, well rid Young Gentleman; in truth he's a good Horse-Man.*

183.

A Drunken Fellow in the Streets met with an ancient acquaintance of his, and desired him to lend him an Angel, and I don't doubt but I shall pay pou within a

month agen; he askt him how? He told him he had a great ſwelling in his Neck, and he hoped it was the Kings-Evil; which if it were, then the King would give him an Angel, with which he would pay him.

184.

An Old Man bringing his Son to be catechized at *Eaſter*, the Miniſter thought the Old Man needed more inſtruction than his Son, and askt him who made him? the Old Man ſaid he had forgot 'twas ſo long ſince he was made: ſays the Miniſter, *'tis a ſhame for you at theſe years to let your Child know more than your ſelf*: I *think ſo indeed*, ſays he, *for he was but lately made, and 'tis above Fourſcore Years ſince I was made. Well*, ſays the Miniſter, *how many Commandments are there? He ſaid he thought about Four or Five*: Fie, ſays the Miniſter, *there's Ten. Vaith*, ſays he, I *thought you'd bring 'em to Ten, becauſe you'd have the Tithe*: *Why, Old Man*, ſays the Miniſter, I *tell thee again there's Ten*: *Why then*, ſays he, *there's a goodly Company of them. Well Friend*, ſays he, *how many Sacraments are there? Why*, ſays the Old Man, *there's Four. Which are they?* ſays the Miniſter: *Why*, ſays the Old Man, *there's*

there's Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, *and our* Wake. And so went out a-doors, as taking it for an affront to be catechized at that Age; and well he might, for you see he understood well enough what he said.

185.

A Notorious but cunning Thief, being arraigned before a Judge for a great Crime, the Judge askt him what answer he made to his Accusation: '*Truly my Lord*, says he, I *find 'tis a foul matter, and* I *desire to hear no more on't*; for which being reproved for his impudent sawciness; he swore he would bind the Judge over to the Peace, because he stood in fear of his Life by his means: *Well*, says the Judge, *you shan't sleep in peace to Night for that conceit*; and so commanded that he should be laid in Irons, *Pray my Lord*, says he, *let me go about my business, for* I *never wronged you in my Life, and therefore you have nothing to do with me*; *for* I *am going to receive some Money to pay my Debts*; *for* I *owe my Landlord and several others a great deal of Money, and they'l arrest me as* I *go by in the Cart*; *and* I *would willingly pay my debts before* I *am hang'd, and* I *think that's the part of an honest man*; *though it may be you don't think so.*

186.

Another time a Thief was going to the Gallows out of the Town, near *Norwich*, and many Boys were running to ſee the Execution; which he ſeeing, call'd to 'em, ſaying, *Boys you need not make ſuch haſte, for there will be no ſport till* I *come.* What, ſays a man, is there but one to be hang'd, I'll go home agen: *D'ye hear Friend,* ſays he, *you need not go home, for if you like it ſo well, pray come and ſupply my place, for I can afford you a good penny-worth on't.*

187.

A Witty Fellow, that was Clerk to Two Juſtices of Peace in *Oliver's* days, that for a Bribe us'd to help Delinquents at a dead lift; and being once ſpeaking of the Two Juſtices, he ſaid one was the craftieſt and ſubtleſt Fellow in the World, but the other an arrant Dunce; and ſaid he had as much a-do to conceal a buſineſs from the one, as to make the other underſtand it.

188.

A Gentleman intending to dine and be merry with ſome others, did beſpeak a Leg of Pork well powdered againſt ſuch a day; and ſhe, poor heart, ſpared no Salt upon it, and made it ſo Briny, that it would have fir'd a Palate of Ice: and the day

day being come that they ſhould eat it, the Gentleman that beſpoke it, cut a piece, and put a bit on't in his Mouth, and immediately ſpit it out agen, and threw the Diſh and Pork againſt the ground. The company that had kept their Stomacks for that Pork all that day, askt him the cauſe why he did ſo? *Why*, ſays he, *I bid the Salt Bitch corn me a Leg of Pork well, and ſhe has brought in a Limb of* Lots *Wife: Truly Sir*, ſays ſhe, *I gave it but a little Salt, but I muſt confeſs I bought the Hog of a Man of* Saltwich, *where it ſeems it was bred and born; and I think that is the chiefeſt cauſe of its ſaltneſs. D'ye ſee*, ſays he, *how this Bitch does bring a Witch to excuſe her ſelf.*

189.

A Diſcourſe roſe at a Dinner among ſome Merchants, about their loving Wives; and one ſaid his Wife was the moſt affectionate Woman in the World, and for the Evidence of it, he had often heard her ſwear; Nay when ever I roſe out of the Bed in a Morning before her, ſhe would always convey her ſelf into my warm place; ſo much ſhe lov'd the very heat and impreſſion I had made: Puh, ſays a Wag to him, this that you evidence, is an infallible token againſt you; for it ſeems ſhe lov'd your room better than your company.

190.

A Country Woman sent her Son Three or Four Miles off to her Landlords House with a New-Years-Gift upon New Years-day, where the Boy was never before, and being in the Kitchin, he there saw a Dog turning of the Spit, which was it seems a strange thing to the Boy; so he stood loytring to stare upon that and other fine things which he saw there, that he staid it seems longer than ordinary; for which his Mother beat him lustily when he came home: 'O 'Mother, *says he*, if you had been there, 'you would have stay'd as long as I, for it 'would have done your heart good to see 'how a Dog in a Wheel did spin Roast-'Meat: Nay Mother he did reel too, that 'is when he was weary, which was much 'Mother to see a Dog spin and reel; I am 'sure 'twas more than our Maid *Jone* could 'do when she came to you first. Now Mo-'ther I hope chave sartified you, and when 'I go thither agen, if I should stay long, 'pray Mother don't beat me agen.

191.

A Ridiculous and Impudent Fellow, being laught at by all that came into his company, told 'em he had a certain quality, which was to laugh at all that laught at him: *Faith*, says one of his Companions, *then thou*

thou liveſt the merrieſt life of any man in Chriſtendome; for I never ſaw any man that ever came in thy company but laught at thee: Why then, ſays he, I *hope I pleaſe e'm if they laugh ſo heartily, and thoſe that pleaſe are beſt lik'd of.*

192.

A Drunkard having but one of his Eyes left with Drinking, was warned by Phyſicians to leave off tipling, or elſe he'd loſe the other Eye alſo: *Faith,* ſays he, I *care not if I do; for I do confeſs ingeniouſly I have ſeen enough, but I have not drank enough:* Ergo.

193.

Another reverend Drunkard having ſpent about Fifteen hundred Pounds a year in Drink, nay, was ſo much addicted to it that he counted all thoſe his enemies that did perſwade him againſt it; yet one took the boldneſs upon him as to upbraid him for ſuch extravagency. 'Puh, *ſays he,* what 'you thruſt in at one Ear goes out at t'o-'ther. Nay, I'll tell you more than I am 'perſwaded you know, for I alſo have 'ſpent above Ten thouſand pounds in rea-'dy caſh in Drink beſides, and yet I have 'not drink enough Boys. For Drinking 'that, will make one fat and briſk as Cat 'or Mouſe, or Rat, and when I ha't—it

'makes

'makes me chat, like little Brat, that ſits 'on the Mat.

194.

An Old Man being to ſwear in a Cauſe before a Judge, the Judge bid him beware that he did not forſwear himſelf; and told him if he did, he might be confident the Devil would have him: *Truly my Lord*, ſays he, *I hope the Devil will have nothing to do with me, for I have given him my Eldeſt Son already, and I hope he will content himſelf with him, for I think one out of a Family is enough for him*; Then the Judge bid him explain himſelf more clearly: *Why truly, my Lord*, ſays he, I *have made my Eldeſt Son a Lawyer, for I believe that all of that Profeſſion goes to the Devil; for the Devil himſelf you know it is ſaid has been a Lawyer from the beginning*: *A Lyer you mean*, ſays the Judge, *Why*, ſays he, *a Lawyer and a Lyer is all one, I hope; or elſe we are all miſtaken in our opinions.*

195.

A Mayor of a Town in this Kingdom, that had been a Cavalier, and when the King was reſtored, beg n a Health to the King upon his Knee, purpoſely to fetch a Fanatick Alderman down upon his: but the Alderman (being a crafty man) contra-

ry

ry to all mens expectations, pledg'd it with ſeeming zeal on both his knees; at which the Mayor wonder'd (and was much concerned that he did not begin it on both his Knees alſo) and askt him, why he did not do as he began it, on one Knee, but muſt do it on both Knees? *Why truly* Mr. *Mayor*, ſays he, *one Knee was in Honour of the King, and the other was to ask God forgiveneſs for ſo doing*: *What*, ſays he, *d'ye ask God forgiveneſs for doing the King Honour*: *No*, ſays he, *not for that, but becauſe I pledg'd a Health on that which I confeſs I ought to Pray on.* Probatum eſt.

196.

Divers *French* Courtiers, paſſing over the New Bridge at *Paris* in *France*, ſpied a blind Man a begging there, with the Balls of his Eyes ſo fair, that they thought him a Counterfeit; then an Earl among them, being indeed a Baſtard to a great Prince there, ſaid he would try the Experiment; for if he can ſee he muſt needs know me, for I do daily paſs by here; upon which he went immediately to the Begger, and pull'd him by the Noſe; at which the Begger roar'd out, and call'd him him Baſtardly Rogue: *Look you there now*, ſays he, *did not I tell you he counterfeits; he could never have known*

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me

me elſe. But the Count was much miſtaken, for the Beggar was really blind, and that word Baſtard was a common word which he had daily in his mouth to every one that did affront him, as you ſee this Count did.

197.

There's an Univerſity in *France*, where any Man may proceed Doctor for Mony, though he be utterly unlearned: It happened that an Ignorant *German* came thither, and having (for his better Progreſs in his degree he hoped to take) invited the Doctor of the Chair to Supper, the *German* being a little Fluſter'd, askt the Doctor if he would take Money, to make his Horſe a Doctor too? *Yes*, ſays he, I *may make a Horſe a Doctor as well as an Aſs, and ſo by conſequence your Horſe as well as your ſelf.*

198.

A Gallant being a Suiter to a Rich Widow; when ever he went to wait upon her in the Country where ſhe lived, he would hire one Man or other to wait upon him thither, and never came twice with one Man; at laſt the Gallant being to go into the Weſt, came to take his leave of the Widow, and when he had done, I *pray Sir*, ſays ſhe, *give me leave to take my leave of your Man too?* He asked her what ſhe meant

meant by that? O, says she, *there's more reason that* I *should take my leave of him than of you, for happily* I *may see you agen, but am confident* I *shall never see your Man agen*: *Why, Widow*, says he, *this is a great mistake in you now, for these that have waited upon me hither, are all my own Servants that* I *keep at Board wages, purposely to attend me and look to my Horses; and the reason why* I *brought not one Man twice, was because thou shouldest see that 'twas a Man of Fortune came to woo thee, by keeping so many Servants as* I *do; and when we are married, my dear Widow, then thou shalt see them all together, and not before*: *Well Sir*, says she, I *believe you say truly*.

199.

Two Gentlemen standing together, a very beautiful Woman pass'd by, upon which one of them said, *There goes the handsomest Woman that ever* I *saw*. She hearing him, turned back, and seeing him very ugly, said, *Sir*, I *would* I *could in way of requital say as much by you*: *Faith*, says he, *so you may, and lie as* I *did*.

Here followeth ſome Probable Stories told by ſeveral Perſons in a Room together.

200.

A Gentleman in *North-wales* was ſtanding in a Sun-ſhiny day, upon a high rock near the Sea-ſide in thoſe parts; and as he was looking about, he ſaw an Iſland ſome Four miles from the ſhore or thereabouts, upon which Iſland he ſpy'd two Hares playing one with another: *Well*, ſays he, *are you got over there now; for I am ſure I cours'd you both yeſterday with my two Greyhounds, and then you ſhew'd me a trick, but now I'll ſhew you one.* So he went immediately home, and fetch't his two Greyhounds, and a great Morter-piece which he had of a Thouſand pound weight, which he faſtened between the two Dogs Necks; but he was forc'd to faſten a Cord to it alſo, leſt the Dogs might run away with it; and when they had carry'd it to the Rock aforeſaid, he charg'd the Morter-piece, and preſently the two Greyhounds ſlipt into it (for it ſeems they had been uſed to it) which two Greyhounds he ram'd in very well, and then diſcharg'd the Morter-piece with no hurt at all to the Greyhounds, (for you muſt know he ſhot with white Powder) and it ſo happened that

that ſays he, I *proteſt t'ye Gentlemen, (upon my honeſt word and credit 'tis true) that the two Grey-hounds each lighted upon a Hare as they were playing, and then kill'd 'em and immediately left the Iſland, and ſwam through the Sea with the Hares in their Mouths, which were one boiled and t'other roaſted for my Dinner.* The one askt him what colour his Greyhounds were? He ſwore they were both black before, but the White Powder did ſo change their colour, that they were both turn'd grey; and ſo from them all of their kind were called Grey-hounds, for their ſakes, to this day. They told him they thought this probable enough to be improbable. *O Gentleman*, ſays he, *far be it from me to tell you a lie, for if you won't believe me, pray ask the two Dogs,*

201.

Another was ſaying, that once upon a time, it was his fortune to be in *Hide-Park*, where he ſaw ſeveral Races run; and at length, *ſays he*, I undertook to run a Race with my little Galloway Nag, with another of that ſize, a Race of a mile long for Five pound: And juſt as we were riding with full ſpeed, he that rode with me was on the right hand, and ſo paſt by the Coach; but my poor Galloway ſeeing he could not paſs for the Coach (and being a cunning Jade,

Jade, and unwilling that his Master should lose) for if he did, he thought he should fare the worse for it at night; presently cast me off his back, and leapt quite thorow the Coach himself (notwithstanding it went a great pace) but it was done so nimbly and so dexterously, that all admir'd, and so well 'twas ordered, that just as he came thorow the Coach, when he came out, he catcht me directly upon his back agen on the other side of the Coach, and though 'twas done so hastily, yet the other got ground of us; but my Horse so handled his Legs, that without Switch or Spur I won the wager. Now, *says he*, shew me such a Galloway Nagg in *England* agen; then they all told him 'twas very much, and more than they could have believed, if he had not told it.

202.

Another swore, that he in his Travels round about the World, which he had encompast Three times and half in Seven years time, but could not finish the other half, because he fell very Sick, and so was forc't to return back agen; and in his return he came into a Kings Court, but I cannot for my life remember the place, because I have been in so many; and there, *says he*, I saw a Lute of a very great bigness, and Thirty Ells long, bating only three inches, and

Three

Three broad, and ſwore that the leaſt ſtring upon it was bigger than his Thumb. Then they askt him how it poſſibly could be plaid on? He told them that a Man and his Wife that were Gyants (of which there's abundance in that Country) had Two large Iron Bows, made each with Eight Feet like Gridirons, with which he and his dear Conſort (which I think is the beſt name for her now, in regard of that Muſick) ſcrat o're the ſtrings; that is, ſhe on the Treble part, and he on the Baſs, whil'ſt Eight great Maſtiff Dogs ran up and down the Frets of the Lute, with their bare Feet, and ſtopt directly in Tune as they plaid; (but you muſt conceive that theſe Dogs were bred up to't, or elſe 'twere a thing impoſſible) to the admiration of all ſtrangers that were there; and the Caſe of that Lute ſerved for a Kennel for the Eight Dogs to lie in: but it ſeems 'tis common with them there, for they made nothing of it: and this he made good by whole volleys of thundering Oaths.

203.

Another Gallant ſwore likewiſe (for it ſeems they were all guilty of ſwearing to confirm their ſtories, or elſe 'tis poſſible that few of them would be believed) That as he was fiſhing in *Germany* in the great River

Rhine

Rhine, where I saw an infinite number of Fish of all sorts, and a Fisher of that Countrey which I saw draw up with his Net an Eele, that was far bigger than the *May-pole* in the *Strand* at the bottom, which they at first thought to be a lie; and when he had occasion to go into the Yard, they askt his Man, who indeed was very sober and discreet, whether it were true of the Eele, to be as big as the *May-pole* in the *Strand* at bottom: Truly Gentlemen, *says he*, I then stood nearer than my Master, which makes him a little mistake, for I think in good truth it was scarce so big, but swore, that it was full so long. This made them cry him up with a Hum, and presently writ *Probatum est*: And good reason they had I think, because he had a witness to prove it there, which spoke as true as himself.

204.

Another, That in the Wars in *Germany* between the *Swedes* and them, there was so great a Frost one Winter, that Two Men desiring to talk with one another, and one was on one side of the River, and t'other on the other, and as they spoke one to another, the Frost was so great, that it froze up their words, which was not audible then, nor indeed (upon my reputation) could

could not be heard till Nine days after, when it chanc'd to thaw: which one of the company hearing, said 'twas a brave Country to speak Treason in; for whatsoever a Man said, a Man could not be heard: Nay, the very lowings of the Bulls and Cows were froz'n up also, that the owners had much ado to find them to fodder them, for want of hearing them as formerly. Nay, by your favour, *says another*, there is another Country, which had as great a conveniency to speak Treason in as that had from 1648 to 1660; and there one might speak any sort of Treason, and was never call'd to an account for it: Nay, the more Treason they spoke, they were the better esteem'd; so that there was no need of a frost at that time in *England* for that use.

205.

A Woman accidentally coming into the Room where they were, and hearing them speak of that Frost in *Germany*, told some such stories; but when she saw the Company began to scruple at the truth of it (which I wonder they did, if they consider but her following discourse) then she up and told them That her dear and loving Husband, peace be with him, was in that great Frost, out late one night, which, truly Gentlemen, I believe was the occasion of his

his death: though he lingred Fourteen or Fifteen years after it; he I say, riding that night, came to a Common, where were great store of very good Cole-pits, insomuch that he fell down to the bottom in one of them, and his Horse fell directly upon him; that it was impossible at that time of night, and in such weather, to be relieved in that great distress: and having lain so for a long time, and no hopes to be relieved at all, he presently bethought himself, and immediately rose and went to the next Village, and there borrowed a Pick-axe and a Spade, and then came back with 'em to the Pit, and first digged out himself, and then his Horse, and so about five a Clock in the Morning came home; but so weary and so cold, that he could not unbotton his Doublet: Nay, *says she*, after I had hope him off with all his Cloaths; he was so benum'd, that I was forc'd to take a Warming-pan of hot Coles, and so went all over his body, yet was he so cold that he scarce felt, though the warming-Pan sometimes stood a pretty while together in one place; which truly Gentlemen I was fain to do for my Dear Husband: which confirm'd them in the belief of it, that it was as true as any of the rest, and gave her thanks for it also: and so she made

them

them half a dozen reverend Courchys and bid 'em god-by.

206.

Another Fellow said that he had heard all their stories, and did think at first that some of them had been untruths, but now, *says he*, I am better satisfied; and I will tell what I know upon my own Knowledge. I was once in some company where I heard one of them say that to his Knowledge a Raven would live a hundred years: so the next day I went and bought me one purposely to make a Tryal, and put him into a Cage and taught him to sing; and I think in my conscience no Bird but a Raven could sing like him. Well, *says he*, I kept this Bird above a hundred years; nay, if I should say two hundred, I should not lie (and fed him all the time my self) yet I could never make him speak as your Starling does for my life; at last being very tame, I turn'd him out of the Cage, and put him into a Room, where I had only a Goose, but never a Gander for her: I know not how it happened, but the Raven and the Goose fell in league together (for you must know 'twas a Cock Raven) and the Raven trod her, and she brought ten young ones, all coloured half black and half white, and these Five which were black to-

towards the head cry'd just like a Raven, and those that were white towards the head, cry'd like Geese, and I eat one of the former, that was black towards the head; and if you'll believe me, I have had ever since such a strange croaking in my Stomach, especially if I chance to see any Carrion, that 'tis a great disturbance to me: Nay, One of my Neighbours upon some occasion call'd my Wife Carrion; and though I did not love her before; yet ever since I have had a great kindness for her. Then they told him that the strangeness of this story made it true, and the Proverb makes it good, that is, *'Tis not so strange as true.*

207.

Another of this Crew came in with his story too, which they thought improbable, till he gave 'em evident demonstration of the truth of it, and that was this: He said he was one Winter about seven years since in *Lincolnshire*, near the Fenns, where there is always great store of all sorts of Wild Fowl, but especially of Duck and Mallard, which made me take my Gun, and when I came near to a Hedge, they were very thick at t'other side, upon which I presently discharged my Gun, and kill'd at one Shoot Three hundred twenty five, and I think

think, I wounded a great number alſo; then they wondered how he could kill ſo many at one ſhot, he told them that there were near Four hundred little holes in the Barrel of his Gun, ſo big as Shot might eaſily paſs through them; and at the diſcharge of the Gun every Shot went out at his own hole, and kill'd ſo many as I told you, I am certain: Nay, I had kill'd many more if they had lay a little cloſer: Then they askt him how he got 'em home, he told 'em he went home firſt and fetcht a Horſe, which was loaded Three times home with them, beſides what I carried on my Shoulders; and they were all as fat as the driven Snow. They ſaid 'twas very much indeed, and very many to be kill'd at one time.

208.

Another that had been a Souldier, and newly come from the great and long Siege of *Oſtend*, one askt him what news there? He ſwore there was great want of Bread: But one day when ſome was brought in, he ſaw a luſty Souldier that was one of their Regiment, take up a Loaf; and having a very large and ſharp Knife, he ſlic't quite thorow the Loaf; and himſelf (being eager at it) and two more Souldiers behind him; and by that means we got

their Shares, and so fared the better; and to the confirmation of it added some lusty Oaths: Nay, said they, we'll believe this, cause 'tis a well-bred story.

209.

A Gentleman that had bred up a Young Colt, and had taught him many pretty pieces of Activity, but one among the rest, that of leaping so well, that no Ditch or Hedg, though never so broad or deep, but he whipt over: nay, an ordinary House was nothing with him, or small Country Church also, but yet could never leap over the Steeple. It fortun'd that the Gentleman having occasion to ride abroad on him, came to a River that was about Twenty yards wide, which you'll say was very broad; yet this poor beast leapt with him to the very brink of the River on the other side, and there by chance lighted upon a stump of a Tree, which run into his Belly: which the Master seeing, alighted, and so left the poor Beast in that condition, yet would not kill him, and so went away. About Six months after this Gentleman was riding that way with his Man, and as they rode, says his Master, *Don't you see something move yonder? Yes*, says he, *I think I see a Tree go*; and coming near to it, they put aside all the Boughs, and there spied his late

late Horſe, which he thought had died there; ſo they cut off all the Boughs, which were ſo many as to load almoſt three Carts, and then he took the poor Beaſt home, and cur'd him of all but the ſtump of the Tree which was in his Belly: and indeed he need not do it, for he receiv'd a great advantage by it every year, that is, at leaſt Two or Three load of Wood, which ſerv'd him to burn in his Chamber; for he would never burn any other there but that, out of the love he bore to that poor beaſt of his. But ſome that heard him till it, thought it ſavour'd too much of the Legend: Why if you won't believe me, ask my Man, who knows it as well as I, and ſhall ſwear it too, if you pleaſe.

210.

ALuſty Widow about Forty five years Old, yet it ſeems had a mind to another Husband; and ſhe liv'd about Four Miles from *High-Wickham*, a Market Town in *Buckingham ſhire*; and having one Market day ſent her Maid to the Market at *Wickham*, about ſome buſineſs, the Maid it ſeems ſtaid longer than ordinary abroad, and when ſhe came home her Miſtriſs askt her, what was the cauſe of her ſtaying ſo long at Market? I *profeſs* I'*ll bang your Coat for it*: *Pray Mrs. Forſooth*, ſays ſhe, *hear me but*

speak first, and I don't doubt but to give you satisfaction: *Come you Jade, speak quickly then.* *Why Forsooth*, says she, *there was the finest Proclamation that ever I heard in my Life*; *What Proclamation you Queen, speak quickly*; *Why Forsooth, 'Twas that every Woman that had a little Mouth, should have two Husbands*: With that the Widow being very much pleased with the News, began to purse and draw up her sweet Mouth: And saying, *O, 'twas a pretty Proclamation, a brave Proclamation, an excellent Proclamation*: *I but Forsooth*, says she, *I'll tell you more News than all this*: *There was another Proclamation*; *What was that?* Says the Widow, *Why forsooth, those that have a wide Mouth shall have three Husbands.* With that she began to widen her lovely Mouth: Saying, *Whaw, whaw, whaw, what a brave Proclamation is that indeed.* And so every day after enlarged her Mouth by degrees that her Neighbours might take notice of it; and so gave in her name to the next Justice accordingly.

211.

A Gentleman that liv'd in the Country in the Christ-mass-Holy days, as many others do, did invite his Tenants to a Dinner or Supper; and one day being at Dinner, and seeing the Pigs long in coming (and being

being a very passionate Man also) askt his Wife what was become of the two Pigs? She told him they would come presently, and pray'd him to be patient. With that he began to curse and swear that he did believe he should never see his two Spits again; his Wife askt him why he said so? *Because*, says he, *I do believe the Pigs are run away with them, for I saw 'em with the Spits in their Mouths two hours ago.*

212.

A Great Noble Man, that was accounted mad by all that came near him, but yet had a great deal of Craft withal; and one day having got a great rusty Horse-nail in his hand, he made those in the House believe he had eaten it; which that all the Physicians that were far and near were sent for, and after they had a long and serious consultation together, some said it was good to send it out by way of Purgation, others said they'd dissolve it in the Body and yet should do him no hurt; and he sitting by and hearing all their discourse, told them they were all Fools and Mountebanks: *For*, says he, *could not you have applied a Loadstone to my Breech, and that would a drawn it out, for that attracts all Iron to it.*

213.

A very Covetous Trades-man had a mind to be married, and yet was afraid for fear of the charge of having Children too fast; at last he resolved to marry, and indented with his Wife before marriage, that they would lie together but once a month: *And*, says he, *I intend to get every month a Joint from Head to Foot of the Child, so by that means we shall not have too many Children; but I do it for this reason, to ease thee in the bringing of them up*: And after Marriage it seems he lay with her the first Night: And I know not how it came about but at forty weeks end she was brought to Bed of a brave Boy, and perfect every way. *Why how now Wife?* says he, *this is not according to my expectation*: *Yes Husband*, says she, *but I may thank good Neighbour, or else for ought I know we might have had a deformed Child.*

214.

A Bold Cavalier passing by *Ludgate* in *Olivers* time, one night was examined by the Constable and watch, what he was? He told them he was a man. *Who d'ye serve?* says the Constable. *I serve*, says he, *the King*. So as they were sending him to Prison, he told them he serv'd his Highness the Lord Protector. *O, I cry your mercy,* says

says the Constable, *why did you not say so before?* *Because*, says he, I *thought you had lov'd the King better than my Lord Protector: if you don't*, says he, I *am sure you ought to do't*; and so whipt out at the Wicket and ran away; or else, they had had him to *Bridewell* and there whipt him.

215.

A Youth passing by the Watch late at *Temple-Bar* one night also; the Constable askt him what he was? *Why*, says he, *a Boy*; *don't you see: Who d'ye serve*, says the Constable, *Why the King*, says the Boy: Says the Constable, *So do we, Is that all? D'ye serve no body else? Away with him to the Counter*: At length he told him that he was Page to Mr. *Baxter* at Court; *O*, says the ingenious Constable, *are you Page to the Back-stairs at Court; go your ways home, for I won't stay any of the Kings Servants.* *No*, says the Boy, *how can you stop 'em, unless you find where they run out.*

216.

At a Market Town in *York-shire*, there liv'd a Quaker that was a Barber, and the Minister of the Parish came to him for to demand Twenty Shillings for Tithe belonging to his Parsonage: The Quaker told him he ow'd him none, nor none would he pay him: He told him 'twas his

due, and if he could not have it by fair means he must have it by foul: The Quaker askt him for what it was due? He told him for Preaching and Reading Divine Service, and other Ministerial Duties in the Church: *Why*, says the Quaker, *I never came there: You might and you would*, says the Parson, *the Door stands open.* A little after the Quaker hearing that he was suing of him for the money, enters an Action also against the Parson for Twenty Shillings; and when the Parson came to hear of it, he went and askt him how he came to owe him twenty Shillings? He told him for Trimming: *Why*, says the Minister, *I never came there in my life: You might and you would*, says the Quaker, *for the Door stands open.*

217.

An *Oxonian*, meeting with a Rhodomontade in *London*, who it seems swore that he would take the wall of all that he met, the Scholar thinking nothing, was going between the wall and him: with that the Ruffler began to thrust him back, and told him, *He did not use to give every Coxcomb the Wall.* *No*, says t'other, *what good will the Wall do me without the House: But*, says t'other, *I mean I don't use to give every Fool the wall; But Sir*, says he, *I do, and*

am

am very glad that I have so good an opportunity to serve you; and so let him have it and marcht away, and the other also went away very well satisfied, thinking he had put an affront upon the Scholar.

218.

A man describing to his Friend a broad-brim'd Hat, which he wonder'd at when he came first to *London*, and when he came down into the Country agen, he told them of this fashion'd Hat; But one said it was so broad, that it would have serv'd conveniently for a Pent-house for another man besides himself; says he, *When I saw the brim of it button'd up on one side, methoughts it looke just like a Trap-door nail'd up; and his body, having a Coat on with larke Loops, shew'd just like a Ladder underneath the Trap-door.*

219.

A great Butler once drinking to a sober Person a Glass of Wine, he refused to pledge him. *What*, says he, *won't you pledge me? Why then I wish this curse may attend thee: That is, that I wish that in a dark and cold rainy night, thou wert set upon a tir'd Jade bare-ridg'd, in a dirty Lane, with a Pocky Whore behind thee, and thy own Bones rotten, & Nine Miles from any House, not knowing one step of the way, and with never a penny in thy Purse,*

Purse, and both thirsty and hungry: *Sir*, says he, *I thank you for your good wishes, but I hope in a little time you'l enjoy 'em all your self.*

220.

A Simpleton, having been married Seven or Eight years, and had no Children, and one day a Kinsman of his coming to visit him, whispered to him (innocently) *Cousen, Cousen, betwixt you and I my Wife's with Child*; *though*, says he, *I protest I had no hand in it*: *No*, says he, I *don't believe you had any hand in it*: But being in a manner over-joy'd with the conceit on't, and (knowing it to be of his own begetting) said *Cousen, Cousen, but betwixt you and* I, I *shall have an Heir, and* I *hope you will be God-father to it*: *No*, says his Cousen, *by no means, for if* I *should be God-father, all the Neighbours will say you take Gods Name in vain there.*

221.

A Natural Fool, that serv'd a Knight in this Kingdom, he commanded him to give such a Lord his hand; which he presently did, but gave him his left hand, for which his Master chid him, and told him he should have given the Lord his right hand: *A Fie Master*, says the Fool, I *think you are more Fool than* I; *for that's an unseemly thing* in-

indeed to give to a great Lord that hand, which I wipe my Breech withall every day.

222.

A Diſcreet Gentlewoman kept more Maids than ordinary to pleaſe her Husband, and he like a Wiſe Man gave her leave to roam abroad at her pleaſure alſo, and being abſent they always contented each other, but if preſent then they were content to be Bawds one to another; ſo that there was never ſuch true love between any couple that I have heard of before: which I think is a very goody example for married folks hereafter, to follow their diſcreet rule, to avoid contention and quarrelling.

223.

A Knights Son in the Weſt, who was indeed his Fathers only Child, and ſo gave him a little more liberty than ordinary, and he was rather a lover of the State of *Venus*—than *Genoa*, and did often haunt the young Girls thereabouts; but eſpecially one above the reſt, which was a very pretty Maid, and about Eighteen years of age, and a Farmers Daughter, who was his Fathers Tenant; which gave him the more liberty to have free egreſs and regreſs thither; and having importun'd the Maid very

ry much, yet she would never grant: at last he promis'd her Marriage, upon which he had his desire, and the Maid was with Child; but his Father and Mother fearing he might make up a match there, by his going so often thither, sent to another Knight that liv'd four Miles of, to treat between their Daughter and his Son, which was a pretty Woman also, which they suddenly consented to, and the marriage day appointed; and on the Marriage day, when he was riding with his man thither, the Farmer and his Daughter way-laid him under a Hedg, and askt him what recompence he should have for the wrong he had done his Daughter. *Well*, says he, *there's Fifty pound for you in Gold, and I now will give you a Bond for Fifty pound more to be paid in Six Months, so you will be contented.* So under the Hedg the Bond was making, and the People at the Bride-house wondering at his so long stay, sent a Man to enquire after him; and when he came, he found him a uniting under the Hedg with the Farmer and his Daughter; and when he had done he went his way to the Bride-house as fast as he could gallop: and the Farmer and his Daughter seeing they could not help themselves, put up their Pipes and went home; at last they were married, had Din'd and

Supt,

ſupt, and when they were in Bed together, he began to kiſs her: *Pray*, ſays ſhe, *let me ask you a queſtion, firſt, what made you under the Hedg with the Farmer and his Daughter ſo long? Why*, ſays he, *it does not concern you at all: Well*, ſays ſhe, *I will know, or elſe you and I ſhall be at a diſtance. Why*, ſays he, *If you won't be angry I'll tell you: Well I will not*, ſays ſhe, *let it be what it will: Why then*, ſays he, *I got the Farmers Daughter with-Child, and ſhe was ſuch a Fool to tell her Father of it: By my troth*, ſays ſhe *ſhe was a Fool indeed; for my Fathers Man got me with-child above a twelve month ago, and you are the firſt that ever I told of it: Tarbox for that beloved.*

224.

A Rump Soldiers Wife being a cleanly Woman, in a Moon-ſhiny night going thorow *Thieving-lane* in *Weſtminſter*, and pretty late, ſhe having at that time an occaſion to untruſs a-point, went into a corner of that Lane, and under a Bulk was pleaſed to deliver a poor Priſoner (for it could be no otherwiſe in *Thieving-lane*) but I know not by what over-ſight it happed, for her under-Coat, ſweet Soul, doubl'd inwardly, which catch't the poor Priſoner agen when he was got out; or laſt like a diſcreet Woman that could over-ſee all ſhe had done,

ſhe

she lookt on the Ground, and seeing it not, *Well*, says she, *the place well deserves the name of* Thieving-lane; *for a Body can't lay down any thing but 'tis stole away presently*: And the poor thing it seems was loath to leave her turn'd Page, and followed at the heels, dab, dab, dab, every step; which she knew not of till she smelt the Rogues tricks: *Sirrah*, says she, *hence forward I'll have no more to do with you*; and so shak'd him off, that the poor thing was forc'd to lie in the Street all that cold night.

225.

Another Rump Officer, which forsooth to be fine, must needs have a Muff; and being much put to't, to deliver a poor Prisoner also, was forc't to put into an Ale House, and bid him fill him a Pot of Ale, and he'd come presently: And when he came to the convenient place, and it being a little duskish, and being in hast too, pretty worm; had forgot his Muff, which hung it seems behind him; and well he might be pardoned for it, for that was the first day that e're he wore a Muff; and making more than ordinary haste, it hapned that his new Muff lighted just underneath his Masters Name-sake, *viz.* the Rump, and he most valiantly discharg'd all into it; and so when he had done (though he did not

know

know what he had done) come out of the little House into the Yard, and as he was going into the House, thrust his pretty hand with his Gloves on into the Muff, which he quickly smelt and put him into such a fume, that he threw his Muff and Gloves in the Womans Face, and told her that was enough to pay for the pot of Ale, and so went away.

226.

A Countrey Woman that was a bold Gossip, came to a Butchers in *Oxford*, and when she saw a Shoulder of Mutton hang up, she askt him what she should give him for it? He told her two Shillings and a half: *Two farts and a half*, says she: *Why* says he, *give me two farts and a half and thou shalt have it*: *Say'st thou so Boy*, says she, *Why then have at it*; then she lifted up her pretty right leg, and let a good one; *Well*, says he, *there's one*; then sweet soul, she lifted up her left leg, and let another as good; then lifting up her two legs one after another, she let a lusty one; *Well*, says he, *there's three, but where's the half one*? *Why*, says she, *take which half you will of the last, for that was a rowsing one.*

227.

A Lord in this Kingdom, that it seems by mistake, had sealed to something that day,

day, for which he was very much troubled, at last, after some vexation and grief for it, he call'd up his man into the Chamber to him, saying, Tom *was not I a Fool to do as I did to day?* *Yes truly were you, my Lord,* says he, *you were an arrant fool for it. Sirrah,* says he, *though I call my self Fool, I don't allow you to do it too*; and so kickt him out of doors.

228.

An ancient Justice of Peace was chid by a Neighbour Justice, for marrying a young Girl; *Peace Brother,* says he, *hold thy tongue, she'll be a Woman to morrow; for,* says he, *Wives are young mens Mistresses, middle aged mens Companions, and old mens Nurses; and will you blame a man to have a Nurse in his old age?* No, says he, *I don't blame you to have a Nurse, but I do blame you, that you are not provided for Heaven, but that your Wife must do it: Why,* says he, *don't you know whither all Cuckolds go? O,* says he, *now you put me in mind on't, 'tis true; I have heard your Wife say many years ago, that she was confident her husband would go to heaven; and now I find which way; and mum for that my dear Brother too.*

229.

One was saying, *That those men which do affect gravity, did seldom speak when any was*

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a telling them a ſtory, but only wag the head: but another told him he was confident they do as we do our Bottles, that is ſhake 'em to try if they have any wit in their heads to give anſwer to their ſpeech: but a third ſaid, he thought that all thoſe who wagg'd their heads, did it only but in waggery.

230.

Two Gentlemen it ſeems one night quarrelled at gaming, and over-night one ſent the other a challenge to meet him by Six a clock to morrow morning at ſuch a place, upon his honour: *Hang honour*, ſays he, *for we both are but worſhipful; and withall tell him, 'tis not my cuſtom (and I alſo know 'tis not his) to riſe before Eleven or Twelve a Clock, and bid him conſider with himſelf whether we ſhould break our reſt to break our limbs?* The other ſent him word, that if he did not meet him, he'd Poſt him. *Well*, ſays he, *tell him if he does, I'll ride Poſt out of Town, and there ſtay till his fury is over.* So we ſee that ſome are in poſt-haſte to fight, and ſome in poſt-haſte to ride away.

231.

One askt another of his Companions at a Coffee-houſe, What was the meaning of this Proverb, viz. *The City for wealth and the Country for health?* He told him it was

pre-

prepoſterous, for you know there's more Healths drank in the City than in all the Country agen. *Why*, ſayshe, *that makes for the Proverb, for if they drink away their healths they can never be well: but the truth is, that the wealth of the Country being brought into the City, is the occaſion of ſo much drinking of Healths.*

232.

Alſo there's another Proverb which ſpeaks very pat, viz. *Sleep without ſupping, and health will follow: yet I muſt ingeniouſly confeſs, that I never ſaw a man ſup in his ſleep.* *Yes*, ſays t'other, *'tis many ſuppings many times that makes him ſleep; and commonly after ſupping a great many healths do follow.*

233.

One was ſaying, *That the body is more dreſt than the ſoul; But I deny that*, ſays his Friend, *for the Body and Soul of a Gooſe are both dreſt alike, and together; and the Body of a Sole-fiſh is not dreſt by piece-meals, but altogether*: *Truly*, ſays t'other, *I think you are ſolely in the right*; *Nay tis true, I would not ſo-lie as you do every day for a great deal.*

234.

A good and vertuous Woman was told by a Lawyers Clerk, that lived in that Country-

try-Town where she dwelt, That when he was at *London* last, there was a Law made, that all labouring men that were Cuckolds, were to have four pounds a year allow'd them out of the Shire where they liv'd. *Well*, says she, *this is comfortable news, I am sure my poor husband take as much pains as any man, and four pounds a year will do us a courtesie these hard times.* Then she askt him how many times doing would make a man a Cuckold; He told her by this new Law three times would. *Nay then*, says she, *I am well enough, for I am sure my poor Husband will receive his pension.*

Here follows some Probable Improbable Stories.

235.

A great *Spanish* Commander, that had been in service against the *Turks*: when he came home, he told such a loud lie before the Council of *Spain*, that all lookt upon it as ridiculous, but impudent in him to tell it there; then the Council put him out, and call'd in one of the Captains, who did not only second what his Commander had said, but told a louder lie; for which he was rebuk't by one of the Council, for telling such a notorious untruth: *O my Lord*, says he, *you must*

must pardon me, I do but my duty in following my Commander. Then they told him he had out-done his Commander: *The more is my honour and glory then*; says he, *and I hope the King will pay me well for it.*

236.

In a Discourse at Table, wherein they chiefly treated of strange things, and one among them said, that he had a piece of the Hawthorn-Tree in a Box, which always bloom'd on Christmas day for many years together, and at last was robb'd of it by some of the Parliament Forces, and could never get it agen: *Why*, says one, *how could it live and bloom as you say, without some earth, or the Suns influence? Why*, says he, *d'ye think if it have that vertue to bloom on* Christmas-day, *that it had not the vertue also to bloom without the help of the Sun or earth?* and so let out some Oaths to confirm it.

237.

But another being by to fit him in his Story; and to make it appear to be truth (as you know it was) began to confirm what t'other had said, with some Oaths too) *For*, says he, *I my self have seen that Hawthorn-Tree bloom a Hundred* Christmas-day, *and if I should say a Hundred more, I should not lie; and I went once thither when*

they

they were come to the Berries, which were red, hard and large; and so took some of them and button'd me a Suit and Coat with it, as the fashion is now (for you know our fashion in England *for Cloaths never alters) and when I and some others were at Church together upon* Christmas-day *in the morning, little thinking of it about Ten of the Clock precisely* (he swore) that the branches sprung out so fast and so thick, that he was covered all over with them; insomuch that he lookt as if he had been in a Wood, and so heavy they were upon him, that he could not stir till one went out of the Church and fetcht an Axe, and cut away all the Boughs, that he might see his way out; and when they had done, he went home in this posture to his lodging; and swore also, that there was as much Wood cut off as serv'd him all that Winter for fewel to his Chamber; *But however*, says he, *I had rather be at the charge of Wood, then to be served so agen. But Gentlemen I tell you this to confirm what that worthy Gentleman told you before? whereas you were in doubt for a great while whether it was truth or no: but I hope there's no doubt now*, and so swore it agen.

238.

Then another told a Story that a Miller had a Horse for many years together, whose name

name was *Roan*, and being tired with working all day, poor Jade, slept soundly at night, which a thievish Fellow espying, flay'd off his Skin, whilest he slept, and went away with it: But Old *Roan* when he awak't, (though 'twas a bitter cold night) yet poor thing he came home to the Mill-door and neighed very loud, which the honest Miller hearing awak't his Wife, and askt her whether that was not the neighing of our Old *Roan*? *Truly Husband*, says she, *it is, let's rise and see what's the matter with him*; and when they came out, they wondred to see him in such a pickle: *Well Husband*, says she, *since 'tis as 'tis, I'd have you kill Five or Six of your Sheep (and to morrow being Market day, we can sell their Flesh there) and take all the Skins and clap 'em hot upon poor Roan*; which he presently did with his dear Wives help, and clapt them hot upon the Horses flay'd Back; which with the cold night were presently froz'd on, and the Horse as well or rather better in health than ever he was in his life, and I am sure you'll say warmer: And this Horse, *says he*, they kept for many years after, and every year it brought him Thirty Tod of Wool: And I hope you will believe it; but if you don't believe it, I *pray take notice, that I am not bound to find*

you

you stories and belief too. Then they all concluded it was true--lie ſo.

239.

Another ſwore moſt plentifully, That he ſaw a Lobſter kill a Hare upon *Salisbury Plain*; then they all began to think indeed that was a lie, till he very diſcreetly told them how it was; for the Lobſters that are taken at *Weymouth*, *Southampton*, and upon the Sea-coaſts thereabouts, are preſently convey'd in Panniers into the Midland Country, and by the way on *Salisbury Plain* did drop a very good Lobſter, and a Hare a little after came cloſe to the Lobſter: which the Lobſter feeling, with his Claw preſently catcht him faſt by the foot, and ſo kill'd him; and ſwore alſo that they put it into a Pie, and both bak't together (but I don't mean with the skin and the ſhell on) then you'd think't a lie indeed; and ſo ſent up to *London*, and eaten there.

240.

Another ſwore pretty largely too, That he knew a Hare, that after he was taken and garbaged, did give the Dogs a Chaſe for five or ſix miles together; then they cry'd out all 'twas a loud lie: *No*: ſays he, *it can't be a loud lie, for it ſeems you don't allow it.* *Yes*, ſays they, *we do allow*

low it for a lie: *But* says he, *I do avow it for truth; and thus it was, for the Hare being tied to a Hunts-mans Saddle in a string, it happened that the string slipt, and the Hare in the string hung down between the Horse Legs upon the Ground, and the Horse being mettlesome, gallopt away with the Hare at his heels, and the Dogs marcht after*; but the truth was, the Man could not hold the Horse in: *Nay then*, say they, *this may be impossibly probable.*

241.

Another very sober Man told a story; That once he went a coursing alone with a Grey-hound Bitch, that was great with Whelp; and having started a Hare, it happened the Hare went through a Muse in a Hedg, where a Carpenter had hid his Axe, lying it seems with the edge upwards: and so the Hare being with young, in going through that Muse, cut her belly with the edge of the Axe; and then out started 8 young Hares, and began to run immediately (as you know some Hares will, before they are kindled) but the Grey-hound Bitch suddenly following the Hare through the very same Muse, by chance cut her Belly also, and out came Eight Whelps, Which eight Whelps ran after the eight young Hares, and the Bitch after the Old Hare,

Hare, and kill'd 'em at all. *Now*, says he to them, *Some nice people may take this for a lie, but I think 'tis as probable as any of the rest, because the wonder is greater: that there should be but just the number of Eight Whelps and Eight young Hares, and if true,* Probatum est.

242.

Another Story was, That he being in a Low-room, with some other Gentlemen a dringing a Bottle of Ale; he saw the Man of the House open a Bottle, and the Cork flew up with such a Violence, that it strook his Hat off his Head, and after that went through the Cieling of that Room, and another Room above that, which was two pair of Stairs high, and kill'd a Man and his Wife as they lay in Bed, and from thence flew up into the Garret, and they could not get it out with a Hammer and Mallet,

234.

'Sir, *says another*, to make good your 'Story, which I saw with my own Eyes 'that being with some others in an upper 'Room, one was then opening a Bottle of 'Ale, and the Cork then flew up with 'such a violence thorow the Top of the 'House, that it broke the Cieling and Tiles 'also, and kill'd a Kite as he was flying

'just then over the House; and the hole 'was so big which the Cork had made, 'that down fell the Kite thorow the hole, 'and they opening the Kite to see where 'she was wounded, found two great 'Chickens in her Belly, which they sold 'to pay for their Drink, and after that 'would never drink in any other Room in 'that House: but I don't know that it ever 'hapned so agen; for these things, though 'there be truth in 'em, don't happen eve-'ry day so.

244.

Another began to tell them his Story (which he swore was of a certain, as you know all these things are:) 'For, *says he*, 'I was riding to Saint *Albans*, and riding 'through a Lane, that was of stiff clay, as 'I was galloping, my Horses foot sticking 'in, pluckt off shoe and hooff too, and so 'I gallopt on for three or four Miles: and 'my horse never complained, that I never 'saw a horse that gallopt so well on three 'legs in my life; at length he began to limp, 'then I lighted to see what he ailed, and 'found both shoe and hooff gone; so fear-'ing to pay for the horse, got presently up 'agen; and gallopt as fast as I could drive, 'and fortunately my Horse leg lighted agen 'in the same place, and pull'd up hooff

shoe

shoe and all, which was better fastened then when I came out; and so I performed my journy, and got that night as far as I rid.

245.

Another, whom all the Town knew to be as far from telling a lie as the *London* Clocks, and so gave the more ear to him; swore, that he had travelled all over *Germany*, and at *Ausburg* a great City there, he saw a man that had a Nose so big, that he could not hear himself sneeze: *Sure*, says one of the Company, *this can't be an honest man*? *Yes*, says he, *he was accounted an honest man, and was also a Burgomaster; but*, says he, *I am sure he was a Knave. Pray, explain your self*, says t'other: *Why*, says he, *I believe he has been in the Pillory, and so by consequence had lost his Ears.* Ergo.

246.

Another very learnedly said, That he saw two men ride down a hill together a great pace, and of a sudden the first horse stopt in the mid-way; which gave the formost such a jerk, that he threw him quite out of the Saddle backwards, that he lighted a stride behind the hindmost man; and his coming so forcibly upon him struck the hindmost man off his own upon the first horse, which stood still, and all in an in-

ſtant: *Truly*, ſays one, *'Tis ſtrange if it be true. Truly*, ſays t'other, *'tis not ſo ſtrange as true.*

247.

A Gentleman that had more mind to have ſtore of Money than to have a Wife, yet he found he could no way ſupply himſelf ſo well as that way, unleſs he ſold ſome of his Eſtate; at length he was told by his friend, that he might have a Gentlewoman with Fifteen hundred pounds, but ſhe was ugly: *Faith*, ſays he, *though my occaſions are very great for Money, yet I would be content with half the Money till I fetch away the Bride.*

248.

A Gentleman did adviſe a Kinſman of his to marriage, for Marriage frees a Man from all care: for then the Wife takes all upon her: which a married Man that ſat by hearing, ſaid, *Yes a pox on her, ſo does my Wife take all upon her that comes to her.*

249.

A Vintner being broke, was it ſeems forc'd to ſet up an Ale-Houſe in the Suburbs, and being askt why he did diſcredit himſelf ſo much, to leave off Wine to ſell Beer and Ale? He told him the chief reaſon

reason was because he lov'd a Countryman better than a Stranger; for Beer and Ale are my Country-men, but Wine's a Stranger: but the Gentleman told him he did not well, for he must make much of any Stranger that comes within his gates: *So will I that*, says he, *when I get it within my gates agen; I'll make more of it than I did; nay much more; because I would not break the Command.*

250.

One did advise a Noble man that must live high (yet had no great estate to bear it out) that he should do well to be only attended with Blackmores, which would ease him of a vast charge, especially if he should put all his family in mourning, for 'tis but turning of them naked at that time and they are in mourning in a trice. *Why*, says the Lord, *that will be a shame for 'em to go along the streets so. No, no, my Lord*, says he, *'tis natural for* Moors *to go naked, for more goes so than clothed.*

251.

A Country Gentleman askt a wise man, when he saw a fellow abuse him and spurn at him, why he did not spurn at him agen? *Why truly*, says he, *I think I should do very indiscreetly in so doing; for if an Ass should kick me, must I needs kick him agen?*

252.

A Gentleman being in a great Assembly of Gentlemen at a great Dinner, one askt why he would not live in *London* in the Winter; where he should find all sorts of company to fit his humour? *Faith*, says he, *so I would, if I could find a house fit for my turn.* One, whose name was *Chambers*, thinking to abuse him, told him he could help him to a house that had three Rooms of a floor; but it was built of Wood: He askt him where it was. He told him at *Tyburn*. *'Tis true indeed*, says the Gentleman, *'tis a convenient house, and stands in a good air; for in an hour it cures people of all Diseases: and for a house that is but one story high 'tis a fine house indeed; but I find there's no want in it but Chambers: Tarbox for that Sir.*

253.

A Gentleman travelling into *Norfolk* by chance lost his way; and coming into a Village, and seeing a man standing at his door, askt him which was the next way to *Norwich*? The man (as many would do) askt him from whence he came? *What's that to you*, says he, *from whence I come? You say true indeed*, says the man, *'tis nothing to me, whence you come nor whither you go*: and with that whipt in and shut the door upon the Gentleman, who else would have

whipt

whipt his Jacket for him. So he did advise all his friends, if ever they travell'd into *Norfolk*, never to call at that mans house, which he poor heart thought a great punishment for him.

254.

A Company of confident Blades were each of 'em bragging what they durst do, and how they wou'd go upon any exploit. *Pub*, says one among 'em, *ye are all Cowards to me; for I dare go where a Prince cannot send his Embassador*: Then they askt him where that was? He said, *To go to stool; for though an Embassador represents the Kings person, yet he cannot do his Business for him that way. Yes, yes*, says they, *we smell your conceit, and therefore think you a Fanatick; for it savours too much of the Rump.*

255.

A man pays very dear for things that are good cheap; because it tempts him to buy those things which he has no need of: but if he has no need of 'em, why does he buy 'em? he was told because they were cheap: 'Why, says t'other, how can they be cheap 'when he paid too dear for them.

256.

A Man when he is married turns his walking-Staff into a fixt Stake, for then his condition is not ambulatory but setled

and fixt; that is (as I humbly conceive) if he be fixt to a good Woman, if not, then all the months in the year may be *March* to him; that is may be blustring, which will certainly put him into a marching condition agen,

257.

A Gentleman was saying, That Wine, Women, and Play, does undo Men laughing; but by his favour, I cannot submit to his opinion therein, but do flatly deny it: for Play does undo Men by Cursing, Fretting, Swearing and Duelling; nay, some fret so much that the tickling frets of an Instrument would never compose 'em'

258.

One said that he saw a Man cut a Purse, and gave it to his Wife to wear, which she did hang by her side: 'But, *says he*, if you 'should cut a Purse, you may hang by 'the side of the Gallows; and though the 'Purse is so civil to them, as to keep safe 'whatsoever is put in, yet whensoever they 'would ha't out agen, they are so uncivil 'to pluck the Purse by the ears to open it, 'and at all times do almost starve him; 'for they tie up his mouth from eating.

259.

A Gentleman lying in a Lodging in *West-*

Westminster, had a Shock Dog which came up into his Chamber where he was, where it seems a Cat had kitten'd; then the Cat flew upon the Dog, and the Dog at her again: 'Let 'em alone, *says another*, I'll warrant you the Dog will stand a shock or two 'with the Cat: Faith. *says he*, if he does, 'I'll bake a shock of Wheat into excellent 'Bread for him: And then he'll be a well-'bread Dog too.

260.

When a Citizen was by accident in *Tower street* burnt to death by Powder, a Gentleman said he had eaten so much powdered Beef that day that he was all in a flame: and though he was blown up, yet I'll assure you no broken Citizen: for he was found whole, and in another hole was put the next day.

261.

A Gentleman tacitely drank the Kings Health in *Olivers* days, by drinking a Health to *Oliver C.* that is *O live C. R.* and likewise at another time drank the Kings Health as tacitely, when he drank a Health to the King of the Jews, *viz. I. Ireland, E. England, W. Wales*, and *S. Scotland*, which Four Letters put together make up the word Jews; and several of the Parliament Officers drank it also, not know-

ing what they did when they drank it.

262.

When a *London* Scriv'ner died in *Oxford* in the time of the Sickneſs, a merry Jack writ this over him: *May all by theſe preſents know, that I that have bound ſo many, am now faſt bound my ſelf: by the means of a Gentleman of an Ancient* Family, *call'd Mr.* Death, *who brought me my laſt Sheet, and to my laſt period or fulpoint; and though I was never guilty of any great wickedneſs, yet I liv'd not without many a blot, which my Daughter* Pen *was the occaſion of: I gave no ill example to any, but rather give good Copies unto all: I was learned too, for I always dealt in good Letters, and was a Juſtice of Peace in my own Dominions; and though I could hang, yet I could draw; yet I could hang an Arſe when my own Money was to be paid: and I made all Bond men but my Prentices, for them I made free: and after I had writ up all my Letters, this Mr.* Death *threw ſome Duſt upon 'em; and as one daſh of my Pen hath ruin'd many, ſo my Daughter* Pen, *hath ruin'd herſelf: But this naughty Mr.* Death *aſſaults me with Bills when I was making of Bonds, and at laſt ſeal'd the Letters of my Eyes quite up; and then ſent me away Tomlong home.*

263. There

263.

There was one *Munday* a Cutler in *Shoe-lane*, that hang'd himself, but it was no boot for him to do it, for he never recovered after: And when the People came in they found a Knife in the House to cut the Rope; upon which the Common Council of that place made an Act presently, that *Tuesday* should begin the Week; since *Munday* (a Rope take him) hath hang'd himself; that is the cause that all the Cutlers in that place never works of a *Munday*: It may be that was the occasion also among the Shoe-makers, because they call *Munday* the Shoe-makers Holy-day, and they don't make Holy-days for nothing.

264.

A Goldsmith it seems was formerly brought into the *Star-Chamber* for false Gold and Silver, for which they fin'd him 100 *l.* and about a Twelve Month after 100 *l.* more and a Year after that 100 *l.* more: then says he, *My Lords, I see that you have fin'd me, and fin'd me again, and rais'd me; but it seems you can't do so to my Metal, that nothing can melt me down in your sense.* They told him if they could not melt him, they'd melt his purse so, that it should run quite out at last: *But my Lords,*

says

says he, *as the Cobler says, my Last is not come yet.*

265.

An Honest Man, that was a true Cavalier, was when he came from the Wars, so reduc'd, that he was forc'd to turn Ale-Draper, and his Sign was the Rose and Crown; and in 1649, the Rump forc't him to blot out the Crown, but left the Rose still, as they thought, to prick his Fingers; and when the King was restored, then he put on the Crown agen, and writ underneath, *The Case is alter'd.*

266.

A Simpleton, that was brought in by power in *Olivers* days to be a Fellow of a Colledge in *Oxford*, his Father being then made a Baron of *Olivers*, he would never name his Father or Mother to any body, but he would say, *My Lord the Baron my Father, and my Lady the Baroness my Mother*; for which he was rebukt by some of their own party who were asham'd to hear him say so. But a Gentleman told 'em they did erre in rebuking of him, and told 'em also, that he had spoken nothing but truth, for he was truly descended from them both (his Father also was counted none of *Solomons* Bastards neither) and thus I will riddle it to you: first from the

Baron,

Baron, because he was a bare one in Judgement; and then from the Baronness, because he had a great barenness in his Wit: *Indeed Sir*, says the Simpleton, *I think you have defined it very well, I wish I may have that grace but to be as you say*: *Yes As I say, I protest Sir, that's a pretty joke: that belongs to me too, do's it not? Yes, yes.* Then he fell out a laughing heartily, and rubbing his hands; saying, *Sir your servant, your servant, your servant in Folio*: *Yes*, says he, *in Foolio indeed*; and so they parted.

267.

An honest Cavalier had a devillish Round-head to his Wife, which did discover all his Secrets and Actions to the then pretended Parliament, which made him ask a Friend of his, what was the best cure for a Round-head, He told him to let him do as if his right hand offended him, for desperate Diseases must have desperate Cures.

268.

A great number both of Seamen and Souldiers being in a great Ship together this last Summers ingagement, one of them, when he saw 'em cast Anchor, askt the Master and his Mate, whether the Ship were sick or not? They askt him his reason? He said because it spew'd. *How*

spew'd?

spew'd? says they; *Why does it not spew when it doth cast? Cast what? Why Anchor: Yes indeed,* says the Master, *we did cast* Ann Car *over-board, after she died.*

269.

A Gallant that had a very great mind to be married, but more for Moneys sake than for any thing else; at last a Gentleman of his acquaintance, hearing by a Letter from a Friend of his in the Country, found out one presently, as he thought a great match for him, seeing he aim'd at nothing but Mony, and so went to him and acquainted him that he had found out a very great match for him; *For,* says he, *I know your temper, and she hath* 8000 *l. to her Portion, but she is sufficiently ugly:* which he hearing shrug'd up his Shoulders, and said: 'Indeed Sir I do 'confess the Money is a very good match: 'Indeed, *says t'other,* I think you have met 'with your match now: It may be *says he,* 'I have met with my match but not with 'my Wife; for I'll see her as low as her '8000 *l.* was from whence it came at first, 'before I'll have any thing to do with such 'a bow'd token.

270.

One askt a Gentleman why he staid and walkt so long in that dirty field? He told him

him becauſe it was very Civil and courteous to him, and more than he did deſerve or deſire; for at every ſtep the dirt did invite him to ſtay. *Yes*, ſays t'other, *I believe ſo; for it ſeems 'twas a good ſtay to you: for I did not ſee you fall.*

271.

A Gallant, when he ſaw that he could not make a young woman to love him, askt her the reaſon? She told him becauſe his face was ſo devilliſh ugly. 'How, *ſays he*, 'my face ugly? d'ye know what you ſay? 'for I know it can't be: And I'll aſſure ye 'I had my choice of twenty faces this mor-'ning, and therefore you may preſume that 'I would not make choice of the worſt. That is, his Looking-glaſs was broke into ſo many pieces.

272.

A Vapouring Coxcomb, introducing himſelf, as he did always, into all Companies where pretty Ladies were, was telling the Ladies how ſuch a one gave him a Ring, and t'other a Favour, and t'other a Kiſs, and abundance more; which a Gentleman that knew him very well, knew that he lied in all he ſaid: and ſo whipt him in ſuch terms that he did not underſtand: *For*, ſays he, *Ladies you muſt believe this Gentleman; for I have often been in his*

company,

company, and among very pretty Ladies too, and they love lov'd him so well, that they doated upon his very absence; and when many times he intruded himself among them, they would desire him to bestow his absence upon them. Law you there now Ladies, will you believe me another time? says he.

273.

A Man advised a Gentleman to marry that Woman, though she was unhandsome, for her moneys sake. *No*, says he, *I protest I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that* Adam *had left him before he transgrest: Why* says he, *you may have that Land behind our Hop-yard too, and some where else, which was never any of* Adams *Portion: How*, says he, *what d'ye mean? Why good-man fool*, says he, *'tis* Eve's *Jointure as I mean: Truly*, says t'other, *I never knew that till now.*

274.

A Gentleman, that had as I hear, been long a Suitor to a young Lady, whose Father was a Knight, and at that time High Sheriff of the County; and after they had long disputed about the Portion, it happened that the Sheriff had summon'd the County together upon some urgent occasion, into a Common three or four Miles off, and there did appear upon a very brave

Horse,

Horſe, which the young Gentleman that was a Suitor to his Daughter was much in love withal, and did deſire that he would beſtow that Horſe upon him; the Knight told him that he would not part from him; then he deſired to buy him: but he told him plainly that no Money ſhould buy him: *Why then*, ſays he in a fume, *you may keep your Daughter*: and ſo rode away: But about three months after he took it into conſideration, and thought he had done very indiſcreetly, and went again to the Knights Houſe, and as he was riding into the Gate, a Maid of the Houſe ſpy'd him, and went and told her young Miſtreſs; who bid her ſhut the Door faſt and lock it too: A little after the Gentleman comes to the door and knocks, and the young Lady being a t'other ſide, askt who was there? He ſaid, *Madam a faithful Servant of yours*: *Sir*, ſays ſhe, *I don't know you, and I dare not let any body in now my Father's from home; for we had a great Robbery committed lately hard by at this time a day*: *Why Madam*, ſays he, *don't you know me; I am ſuch a man that loves you dearly I proteſt*: *O Sir*, ſays ſhe, *is it you? I do remember about ſix months ago that here was ſuch a one indeed that was in love with my Fathers Horſe*: and ſo flung away, and would not ſuffer the Door to be opened,

opened, nor never would admit of any more of his addresses to her: That it seems he was at last contented to march off without Lady or Horse either.

275.

A Man in a bitter cold Winter night was passing through the Street, and seeing all a Bed, and no Candle in any Window neither: then bethought himself of this project: for he then went up and down crying Fire, Fire, which made several come to the Windows: They askt him where? where? He told them that he did not know, for if he did, he would go to't to warm himself: *For*, says he, *I am devillish cold.*

276.

Several Men being merry together, and among other discourse, were praising their Wives: *Faith*, says a Fellow, that had a devillish scold to his Wife, *My Wife is as brave a Woman as any is in* England, *all but her Tongue: Why dost not cut it out*, says another: *No, no*, says he, *by no means; for I have heard say that if you lop a Tree, it takes the faster root, and by consequence there will more branches come out: which will be stronger than those before: and who can tell but it may be so with my dear Wife's Tongue, if I should cut it.*

277.

277.

A merry Wagg at *Wolvecot* near *Oxford*, met a Country-man going thither with a Goose to sell; but he had agreed with a Comrade of his to say 'twas an Owl: So he askt him how he sold his Owl? He said it was a Goose, and t'other an Owl? So they argued a good while together, at last says the Wagg, *We'll be tried by the next man we meet: Content*, says the Country-man; *and if he says 'tis a Goose, then you shall give me half a Crown for the Goose, and I'll keep it too. Content*, says the Wagg. So going on, they met as by accident, his aforesaid Comrade; and after some debate, he plainly said it was an Owl: and so they got the Goose. So the Country-man as he went along, began at last to think he was cheated; and was resolved to study for a revenge; and about a Week after he comes to *Oxford* agen, and brought a Pot of supposed Honey with him to sell; So the Wagg spying him in the Market, askt him how he sold his Honey? He said it was Sir-reverence. T'other said 'twas Honey, but the man said 'twas Tu—— and so they argued a great while; at last he bought it of him, saying, *Let it be what it will I'll buy it*: and when he came home to open it, he found it was true that the man said,

only

only the top for an inch deep cover'd with Honey: and when he had got his money, thought he to himself now I am quit with you; for the Case is *All turd.*

278.

On some occasion, *Oliver* had sent for a Minister, and did much revile him and abuse him; that he put the poor Minister to a stand what to say: At last *Oliver* putting off his Cap, and the Minister spying his bald Pate: *Truly*, says he, *I will not reproach you, nor revile you, as you have done to me, but I hope you'll give me leave to commend your Hair for leaving so bad a Head.*

279.

In the Rumps time there were a many worthy Men, that were made Justices of the Peace, and among which this one, which it seems formerly had been a Tradesman; and when a Man and a Woman was brought before him for some offence: Says the Reverend Justice, 'Where's your reve-'rence to me, d'ye come in here without 'bowing? D'ye know who I am? Then 'Sirrah, *says he*, what Woman is that you 'brought with you? *says he*, An't please 'your Honour, 'tis my Wife before God: 'How you Rogue, *says he*, d'ye swear? first 'lay down your 12 *d.* for swearing, and

'then

'then go on: Sir, *says he*, I dare not go on; 'for if this be ſwearing, I fear I ſhall ſo often ſwear, that I ſhall have no Money to 'defray it; and ſo retired with his Wife.

280.

Another Mad Fellow being brought before this Renowned Juſtice, in the morning before his Worſhip had drank his mornings draught, and to that end there ſtood a Silver Beaker of Ale, Nutmeg, and Suger ready, and after his Examination, ſays the Juſtice to him. *Is this true what they ſay againſt you?* (the Fellow being a t'other ſide the Table) *True Sir*, ſays he, and with that whipt into his hand the Silver Beaker afore-ſaid, and ſaid, If it be true, I wiſh this Beaker may never go through me; and ſo drank it up: *Now Sir*, ſays he, *I hope you will not believe them, but me hereafter.*

281.

A Gentleman in King *James*'s days, that was a Servant to him, was a very fat Man, and the King it ſeems took delight in his comyany for his dry Jeſts now and then; and would often come and lean upon his Shoulder; but one time it ſeems lean'd a little harder than ordinary, that this fat Gentleman began to puff and blow: which the King obſerving, yet would take

no

no notice of it; but the Gentleman finding the weight a little too heavy, said, *I beseech your Majesty not to lean upon the Cushion too hard, least you burst out the Feathers.*

282.

A Notable Fellow, that as 'tis said, would not be drunk above seven days in the week; and when he was drunk, was so besotted that he knew not what he did: Once his Prentice was sent by his Wife to fetch him home and when he found him out he found him reeling-ripe also: and as they came down *Ludgate-Hill*, in a Moon-shiny night, saw the reflection of the *Bell-Savage* sign-post upon the ground, and it seems took it for a Block, and went to lift his Leg over it, his Prentice having him by the Arm for his supporter, askt what he meant by that? *Why*, says he, *to go over this Block*? He told him 'twas not a Block: *What is it then* says he? *'Tis a Sign*, says the Boy: *What Sign I prithee? Why Master 'tis a Sign you are drunk.*

283.

Another Night the same Boy was his guide home agen, or else he had took up new Lodgings in the *Counter* that night? and as he was passing by *Fleet-Conduit*, when it was standing, where the Water did continually run out of a Cock from thence;

thence; this reverend Sot coming to the Conduit, told the Boy he must piss, and did piss against the Conduit, close by where the Water Cock ran; and after he had stood there a pretty while, his Boy told him 'twas late and pray'd him to come home: *What you Rogue*, says he, *wou'd you have me bepiss my Breeches? Do you hear how I piss still?* Thinking that the Cock running was his Pissing: The Boy told him he had done, 'twas the Cock that ran. *Say you so*, says he, *in troth I thought I had pist all this while*: So went as well as he could home with the Boy.

284.

Another remarkable Drunkard, that always when he went abroad, would have hanging by his side a great short Hanger in a Leather Belt; and one time having been at it till he was red hot with tippling, he and his Companions paid the Reckoning, and having laid by his Dagger, when he was going away, instead of the Dagger put the end of his Leather Belt into the ear of a Chamber-pot, half full of Piss, and so fastened it to his side, and so marcht out into the Streets, and every step some Piss would slop out; which set the People in the Street into a laughter, and came flocking about him: and he thinking that they

they came to abuse him, went to reach his Dagger, but instead of that laid hold of the Chamber-pot and threw all the Piss in the Peoples Faces; and so by that found his Error, and then went back for his Dagger.

285.

Another, that was a very great Glutton, yet forsooth had a great mind to be married; that is, to marry a very rich Widow: and to that end, by his Letters got admittance, and when he came, she saw the man was comely enough, and well clad; but seeing him two or three times feed so largely, she askt a friend of hers what he was? He said he was a great Glutton; and when he came to speak to her about the matter, he protested he lov'd her as well as he did his own Soul. *By my troth Sir*, says she, *but I had rather you loved me as well as you love your Body.*

286.

Some Gallants were sitting merrily a drinking a Pot of nappy Ale; wherein they had several Discourses of Experiments; but one of them said, that he could demonstrate it so, that though there was four sides of a House that stands alone, yet there's a way to make it rain but on one side: then they desire him to tell them, he said he would

would for two Pots; *Content*, ſay they; *then he told them. You know though there's four ſides of a Houſe, yet there is really but two; that is, the outſide and the inſide, ſo that if you can keep it from raining in, it will rain only on the outſide*; Probatum eſt. *Well*, ſay they, *to make good your conceit, we are reſolved to ſeize the two Pots which we have loſt; and we will ſo order the matter, that there's none of that in the pots ſhall enter into your inſide; we'll ſo ſtop them.*

289.

A Countrey-woman that lived at *Headington* near *Oxford*, and upon a Sunday, ſhe being not well, bid her Maid go to Church that afternoon, and after Sermon was done, her Dame askt her what was the Text (She ſaid, *Truly forſooth Dame the Text was ſaid before I came. Well*, ſays ſhe, *what ſaid he in the middle of his Sermon? Truly*, ſays ſhe, *I was aſleep then. Well what did he ſay at the latter end then? Indeed forſooth*, ſays ſhe, *I went away before 'twas done. Well, howſoever I will have you tell me ſomething of it. What*, ſays ſhe, *d'ye think I am a Blab of my Tongue? No I warrant you, I was better bred than ſo.*

290.

A precise Woman undertook to chastise her Daughter, and charg'd her to look no more upon Men; but instead of that, when you are in their Company you must still look upon the Ground: 'No, Mother, *says* 'she, I beg your Pardon for that, for I see 'you don't read the Bible often; For we 'ought to look upon men from whence we 'came, and they on the ground from whence 'they came. And if I should not look upon ''em, how should I know whether I like 'them or no: and Mother I have often 'heard when were a Maid, that you never 'went to Church, but to shew your fine 'Cloaths, and to look upon young Men. 'Well thou hast convinced me, prethee 'Child take thy course.

291.

A Gentleman coming to *London* immediately after the Fire, and coming to *Fleet-street*, there took notice how far the Fire had burnt, which was just to the *Hercules* Pillars, and no farther: *Well*, says he, *'tis very much that the Fire should take notice of that saying of* Hercules, *viz.* Ne plus ultra.

292.

A Man it seems that had to his Wife as good a Woman as any was in *England*, but for

for Whoring, Lying, Swearing, Naſtineſs, and other ſuch ſmall infirmities, which made him define a Woman rightly as he thought. Says he, *Women are born in* Wiltſhire, *brought up in* Cumberland, *lead their lives in* Bedfordſhire, (*that it be in* Cloth-fair *near* Smithfield, *till twelve a Clock every day*) *then bring their Husbands to* Buckinghamſhire, *and die in* Shrewsbury.

293.

A humorous Gallant that kept two Boys, and they having committed ſome fault, he told 'em, he'd kill 'em both; but when he ſaw they were afraid, he would do them ſome Miſchief, he call'd 'em to him, ſaying, firſt to one—*Sirrah, you ſhall live, becauſe you are little, and you Sirrah, becauſe you are no bigger, and both becauſe—you are but two: As I live,* ſays one of them, *my Maſter ſpeaks very well.*

294.

A very rich Miſer's Son, riding upon the High-way, was met by a Boy that was in great diſtreſs, and begg'd his charity: *For Sir,* ſays he, I *cannot help my ſelf; and I am Fatherleſs beſides: Get you gon you Rogue,* ſays the good natur'd Gentleman *what d'ye jeer me: Is that a fault Sirrah? for I would think it a great happineſs that I were Fatherleſs. For thou grieveſt for thy Fathers death,*

and if thou do'ſt think it a great loſs to thee, I'll be ſo charitable to thee, as to feed thee with good wiſhes; that is, I wiſh my Father had excus'd thine.

295.

A Gallant had marcht in a bitter cold night up and down ſeveral ſtreets to get him a Lodging, but no body would open to him, ſome perhaps not knowing him, and ſome perchance too well: at laſt he bethought himſelf of getting a Lodging a new kind of way, and ſo went to the Watch at *Temple-Bar*, and there call'd 'em all Rogues and other vile names, for which they had him to the *Counter*; the next morning he was brought before the Alderman of the Ward, and he ſaid to him, 'Methinks you 'look ſomething like a Gentleman, pray 'what was the reaſon to abuſe the Conſta-'ble and his Watch thus without a cauſe? 'Truly Sir, *ſays he*, I will tell you the truth; 'I had gone from Street to ſtreet that bit-'ter night to get ſome Lodging, but could 'find none: at laſt I thank 'em they brought 'me to the *Counter*, where I had a good 'fire, good Drink, and a good Bed; for 'which courteſie I do here give them a 'Crown: and this I'll aſſure you Sir was 'the cauſe and nothing elſe: And ſo he 'made his releaſe.

296.

Some Prentices in *London*, being indeed one *Christmas* to act a Play, when they were perfect, they came to a grave Citizen, and desired him to lend them his Cloaths to Act in a Play: *No*, says he, *no body shall play the fool in my Cloths but my self.*

297.

A Gallant thought to put a trick upon one (that he thought simple) before great Company in a Room, but he prov'd a subtile Fellow, and as you'll find baffled him. The question was, that he askt him, How old he was? He said ever since he was born & twenty Weeks before: Then he askt him how he knew that? *Why*, says he, *that's a question only to be askt of my Mother and the Midwife: for surely I don't well remember it:* Then he askt him how old he was since he was Christned? He told him he could not tell: *Why*, says the Gallant, *that's much methinks, for I am sure you were there your self: Yes*, says he, *I was there, but I am sure you were not, because you never was at any Christning, not christned your self*; His Father being an Anabaptist.

298.

Two Brothers that were Scholars in one Colledge and Bedfellows, did love the tossing of the pot so much; that after all their Books weae well sold and pawn'd,

then went their Cloths; so that they had but one Suit, Hat, Gown, and Shoes and Stockings: so that one went abroad with the Cloths; and t'other lay a-bed; and so they releas'd each other day by day: at last their Father comes to Town, and sends for his two Sons; the one came: He askt where his Brother was? He told him he was to declaim to morrow, and was providing for it: then the next day the other Brother came, and his Brother took up his quarters in the Bed: and so they serv'd their Father two or three days; and then he went to their Chamber privately and knockt, and when he was in, he found the other in Bed: At last he found the cause and removed them to another Tutor, who lookt better after them.

299.

A Fellow was by the Judge condemned to lose his Ears for Perjury, and after he had stood long in the Pillory, the Jailor was coming to cut off both his Ears, and when he went to lay hold on 'em, found nothing but the places where they had been. *What a pox*, says the Jaylor, *you Rogue d'ye abuse me; to put me to the trouble and charge to cut off your Ears, and now all is ready you have no Ears you Dog? Well*, says he, *I'll go to the Judge and tell him that thou*

thou wert condemned before for Perjury, but now I'll indite thee for Conſenage. Why friend, ſays the man, *the Order runs that I ſhould loſe my Ears: but it does not bind me to find you Ears to cut off: I think I have done you a courteſie, ſeeing I have ſaved you ſo much labour.*

300.

There's a Proverb which ſays, *Two heads are better than one*; which made a Boy it ſeems bid his Father, when he went to buy ſome Sheep, to take their Dog with him: *For,* ſays he, *he that you are to deal withal is a crafty fellow; and though 'tis ſaid that two heads are better than one, that is, I think he means Cods-heads, when they are both ſcarce enough for the company; alſo if both the heads be without wit, 'twere better have none.*

301.

There's alſo a Proverb, which ſays *When the Belly is full, then the Bones ſhould be at reſt.* But Mr. *Proverb*, I think you are miſtaken in this; for all Women that are big bellied, are the moſt moleſted with Bones, and they then are leaſt at reſt.

302.

An ingenious young Man that was ſent to a Boarding-School to learn Latine and to Write, and after he had been there

more than two years, his Father ſent him a Letter that he ſhould write to him, that he might ſee how he had profited both in his Learning and his Writing; and ſo very Scholaſtically directs his Letter to his Father thus, *To my moſt Obedient Father, which is my Mothers Husband, at the Houſe where they live:* Says a Man to him, *They won't find the Houſe by this direction: Pub*; ſays he, *no body but knows my Fathers Houſe, for if I were in the Town I could find it my ſelf and yet I have not been there this two years.* And at the end he ſubſcribed thus, *I ceaſe ever to be your Dutiful Son:* and ſo forth.

303.

Two Oxonians were in a very great diſpute there concerning the Man in the Moon, whether a Gentleman or a Citizen? and after a great deal of *Pro's* and *Con's* between them, one of them *ſolv'd* it thus, that when the Moon was at full, then there was a Gentleman in her, but when ſhe appeared with two Horns, then he might be confident there was a Citizen in her; and that they were lunatick that did not believe it; the *Spaniſh* Count *de Luna* being at that time come to take a view of *Oxford*, and to confirm it.

304.

An Impertinent Gentlewoman, intending

to

to make a great Feast for some of her Friends and Relations, sent one of her Servants (which formerly had been a Servitor in *Oxford*) to invite those Persons to the said Feast; and when he came back, she askt him what he had done? *Madam*, says he, *I have commanded them all to come.* *Why, you impudent Raskal*, says she, *I commanded you to bid 'em.* *Alack-a-day, Madam* says he, *I wonder your Ladyship should talk so strangely; having been in the Imperative Mood so long your self, that you should not know, That to bid and command is all one there.* *Sirrah* I *bid you go out of my sight.* *Madam*, says he, I *am at your command; and is not that all one, when your Ladiship and* I *so well agree.*

305.

One passing by the Watch at *Aldgate*, says the Watchmen, *Who's there?* Says he, *Mine Ar*—— then they acquainted the Constable with it, for using such unseemly Language: then says the Worshipful Mr. *Constable*, *How dare you use such a word to them?* *O* Mr. *Constable*, says he, *are you there?* *Though* I *us'd it to them*, I *do confess* I *dare not to you; for in truth Sir, now* I *have left mine Ar*—— *behind me.* *Well*, says the Constable, *the next time you do so* I *will make you leave your Sword behind;*

hind, and instead of casting up your sums with a pen, I shall make you do it in Counters.

306.

A *French-man*, as I hear, coming late by *Ludgate* one night; says one of the Watch to him, *Stand and come before the Constable*, *Begar*, says he, *that is very pretty; I cannot stand and come before the Constable too. Stand, I say*, says another, *and come before the Constable.* At which the *French-man* laught heartily, saying, *Begar des men be all ingenious, stand and come before de Constable*; at last the Constable appears, *Sir*, says he, *whither are you going? Begar dat's very pretty too.* Mr. *Constable I love you very much great deal well, cause you be so lik my Wife; for when I go out a door*, she says, *Husband whither are you going? just like you* Mr. *Constable. Sir* says he, *Whither are you going now? Begar* Mr. *Constable me be going there where you dare not go. Where's that?* says the Constable. *Why begar*, says he, *to bed to my own Wife. Mark you dat* Mr. *Constable*: and still laught on, that the Constable to be rid, as he thought of such impertinency, let him go.

307.

Two Fellows were eating of a large Dish of Porridge together, and being very

hot,

hot, they would be a blowing of it; says t'other, *If you blow any more, I'll take you a blow o'the chops.* With that that the other turn'd about to the Dish, and let a rousing Fa——*What a pox*, says he, *if you blow your porridge a that manner, you shall lap by your self. Hold your tongue*, says he, *or else I shall lap your sides.*

308.

A widdow in *Oxford* having been long in possession of an Inn called the *Maidenhead* there, and as she thought lawfully; but another laying claim to it, they both went to Law, and her adversary overthrew her; for which she extreamly grieved: then an ancient acquaintance of hers askt her why she griev'd so much: She told him she had lost her Maidenhead. *Why*, says he; *were you never married?* *Yes* says she, *married to him that brought me this Maidenhead, but I could not keep it: so that now I find there's a Law against keeping of Maidenheads: for I lost it by Law.* *Law you now*, says he, *but I pray let me ask you a question, Did the loss of this Maidenhead trouble you so much as that before?* *O* says she, *I had rather have lost that twenty times over, than this once: for that Maidenhead I can shew in the house, but the other Maidenhead is gone with the house, and never to be retriev'd agen.*

309. Henry

309.

Henry Martin the great Rumper, for you know all Martins are Birds, and he being so, flew so high before; but after the Kings most happy Restauration, was brought so low, as to kneel at the Bar of the Lords House; though 'tis thought he never came into the Lords House before, unless it were to see a handsome Girl there: But at the Lords Bar he was askt what he could say, that Judgement should not pass upon him? 'My Lords, *says he*, I understood that the Kings Proclamation extended to favour of life, upon rendring 'my self: which *I* then did: And withal, 'my Lords, I do let you to know, and I 'do ingeniously confess it, that I never obey'd any of His Majesties Proclamations 'before, but this: and I hope I shall not 'be hang'd for taking the Kings word now.

310.

King *James* being in his Progress at *Woodstock* in *Oxfordshire*, the King finding it to rain so one morning that he could not ride a Hunting; had got some of the Nobility and Gentry together, resolving to be merry: And one humour was, that the King having that morning a fine curvetting Horse given him, which kind of Horse he never lik'd in his life; told them,

that

that he that could tell the greateſt lie ſhould have that Horſe: So one told one lie, and another another; and ſeveral had told others, that there was great laughing; and juſt in the midſt of this mirth in comes a Country Fellow, complaining to the King that ſome of his Servants had wrong'd him: 'Well, well, *ſays the King*, we'll hear you of that anon: Come, come hither amongſt us, and you muſt know that he that can tell the greateſt lie ſhall have that horſe 'Truly Sir, *ſays he* an't pleaſe your Grace I 'never told a lie in all my life: With that '*ſays the King*, Give him the Horſe, give 'him the Horſe, for I am ſure that is the 'greateſt lie that has been told to day.

311.

Some *Oxford* Scholars when they did intend to perform that Journey called *Iter Boreale* went firſt to *Worceſterſhire*, then through *Shropſhire*, *Cheſhire*, *Lancaſhire*, *Weſtmoreland* and *Cumberland*, and ſo to *Dumfrees*, and then to *Glaſcow*, and having ſeen the Weſtern parts of *Scotland* came then toward the Eaſt, *viz.* To St. *Johnſons*, *Dundee*, St. *Andrews*, *Edinbourgh*, *Dunbar*, and *Barwick*, and ſo came into *England* Eaſt-wards: from thence to *Newcaſtle*, *Durham*, *York*, *Hull*, and over the arm of the Sea at *Hull*, which is ſix miles broad

broad there, into *Lincolnshire*, and so to *Norfolk*: and being in the City of *Norwich* at an Inn, and their Money after so long a journey running low: it seems in the morning the Landlord brought 'em up a sawcy Reckoning, which they perusing shakt their heads, and well they might, for they could not shake their Purses then: Then says the Landlord to them, *Gentlemen I see you're Scholards, and if you can but tell me how I may be eased of a great trouble which lies upon me, I will give you a Gallon of Sack.* They askt him what is was? He told 'em, he was so infinitely troubled with Rats, that they destroyed most of the Goods in his House. 'Well, says the Scholars, bring 'up your Gallon of Wine, and we'll give 'you a remedy for your trouble of the Rats, 'which if you follow, we'll warrant you 'they'll never trouble you more: and that 'is this, The first thing you must do, is to 'prepare a great Supper, and then invite all 'the Rats you have in the House to that 'Supper, and in the morning do but bring 'them up such a Bill as you have brought 'to us, and if they trouble your House more 'I'll be hang'd. Well Gentlemen, *says he*, 'I see you want Mony: I will, if you please 'to accept of it, lend you Five Pound and 'excuse you the paying of your Bill till

'three months after your arrival into *Oxford*, 'and before that time I'll send my Son to 'receive that and the Five pound, and do 'intend he shall stay at what Colledge you 'please, but I must have one of you to be 'his Tutor. And about six weeks after the Son came, and was admitted into *Christs-Church Colledge*, of which Colledge those *Iter-borealeans* were: of which kindness for the Mony lent, and excusing the Bill, these Scholars made an excellent Copy of Verses, and sent it to their Landlord in *Norwich* and Forty Shillings to drink their Healths, which was done so to the purpose, that they were all fain to be led to Bed that night.

312.

A Gentleman meeting with one of the Fallow Deer which had stray'd out of *Whetson's Park*, and so must needs be Fallow, because she followed him to a House where there were several others in a large Room dancing Country Dances; and after some Dances, it was his turn to lead up a Dance; she askt him what Dance he would call? He said, *Feeble Robin*, which is an old Country Dance. *No*, says she, *I hate that*: Then he told her he would call *Mall Stanhopes Delight*. *Yes* says she, *I like that*: *Well*, says she, *name some more though*: *Why* says he, *then what say you* To go to bed

bed in the dark? *Yes*, says she, *that's well enough too. Then*, says he, *what say you to* Under and Over? *Yes*, says she, *that I think's best: But first we'll begin with* Mall Stanhopes Delight, *and then* Go to Bed in the dark, *and at last* Under and Over; *and so dance them (as the neighbours in our Alley say) one after another.*

313.

An Ingenious Cavalier in *Oliver's* days, that was a Person of Quality, was then by the Protectors Order put into the Tower; and after he had been there a pretty while, says the Lievtenant of the Tower to him, *Sir I hope you like your Cheer well, for I endeavour to provide the best for you I'll assure you: Yes truly* Mr. *Lievtenant*, says the Prisoner, *I do not mislike my fare; but whensoever you see that I do mislike it, then thrust me out adoors, and I shall be so far from taking it ill from you, that I will think you have done me a favour in it.*

314.

A man that had been a Four years Voyage at Sea, and when he came home, his dear and Vertuous Wife coming to meet and welcome him home, brought a little Boy in her Arms of a Twelve month Old; which he preceiving, 'Umph, *says he*: 'And Umph, *says she*, agen, you might

'hav

'have come home sooner then: Why, *says* 'he, I came home as soon as my conveni-'ency would give me leave: And I, *says* '*she*, staid as long as my conveniency would 'give me leave: Well, *says he*, whose Child 'is this? Why mine, *says she*, and that that 'is mine is yours, for I can lawfully call 'nothing my own but my Ring, Fillet, 'and Hair-lace, and therefore the Child is 'yours; How will you prove it, *says he*? 'Why thus, *says she*, here hold it in your 'Arms; and as he took it, Now *says she*, 'I freely give it you. Nay now, *says he*, 'I am satisfied, and know 'tis mine; there-'fore prithee get it a good Nurse; for I'll 'have none of my Children that comes so 'easily to be Nurst at home.

315.

A dear and Loving wife, that always bore a great respect to her Husband, both in Sickness and in Health, and now did make it appear to the very last; for when her dear Husband was in *Essex* condemned to die, for a small matter, God knows, that is only for stealing four or five Horses, and breaking up as many Houses: So this sweet loving Soul his wife, hearing where he was, came and gave him a visit. 'Wife 'says he, you see what I am come to now, 'prithee pray for me, and have a care to bring

'bring up our Children in the fear of God. 'Husband, says she, as soon as I heard of 'it, you see I came to you, and as you 'know I have always been loving to you; 'you shall now find it at the last: Pray 'Husband tell me, are we to be at the 'charge of a Rope or they, for I would 'have all things ready that might do you a 'Kindness: For here I have brought one 'forty Miles to do you a Courtesie. And so 'left the Rope with him. Well Wife, *says he*, 'I thank you heartily, and pray go home 'and look after the Children: No Husband, '*says she*, I have not come so far, but a Grace 'a God I'll see you hang'd before I go.

346.

A very great Student, that had written many excellent Books, and one among the rest was, he had wrote a History of the whole World: This said Student it seems had lost himself in a Wood, because he took little notice of the Path, being still in a musing condition: At last being weary, and his Stomach crying Cupboard also, began very seriously to endeavour to get out of the Wood; and after he had wandered about a great while, he met by chance with a Country Man that liv'd near *Oxford* and was then going thither to Market (which Country Man knew him very well)

then he desired him to guide him out of the Wood, and he'd give him Six pence, *Sir*, says he, I *do admire very much, that you that have writ a Tract of the whole World, should not now find the Tract out of this little Wood?* *Friend*, says he, I *think thou art Wood: Sir*, says he, *if* I *am mad*, I *am not fit to be your guide, but you speak as if you were in a wood*: *Yes faith*, says the Student, *so* I *am*; *and* I *would fain get out on't if* I *could.*

317.

Another Simple Rumpish Minister, as he was riding one Afternoon to a Parsonage which he had eight Miles from *Oxford*, which he used to do every Saturday (that is if it be fair) to Preach there on Sunday; but if otherwise, then one of the Junior Fellows in the Colledge, where he was Head, was sent in his room. This said Minister, seeing a Boy at Plough in the Fields with Oxen (which it seems was a smart knave) rid up with his Man to him, and there began to catechize the Boy notably; and after the Boy had answered him hand-pat to all his questions (which the Parson admired) *Now Sir*, says the Boy, *I hope you'll give me leave to ask you a Question*: *Yes, Boy*, says he, *with all my heart. Pray Sir*, says he, *then tell me who made these Oxen? Why God*, says the Parson: *Nay*

that's

that's a lie, says the Boy, *for God made 'em Bulls, but my Father made 'em Oxen.* And so drove away the Plough and whistled on still, that though the Parson askt him many other questions, yet he took no notice of him, nor did not afford him another word. Then he and his Man rode away from him. This Story his Man told when he came home, for which his good Master turn'd him out a-doors; so kind they were still to all that told truth,

318.

A Plain Country Fellow, coming to the Market at *Brainford* one *Tuesday*, he cheapned of a Butcher a Shoulder of Mutton; the Butcher told him he would have Twenty pence for it. *Fie*, says he, *twenty pence, I'll tell you not long since, you goodman* Brown *there's a Man in this Town, that is call'd* John Bennet, *who within this Sennet, sold me a Shoulder of Mutton, witness your Neighbour* John Sutton, *for no more than fourteen pence; or I wish I may ne'r go hence: Well*, says the Butcher, *strait Take it so, for this conceit*: Probatum est.

319.

A Gentleman having drank very hard at the *Kings-Head* Tavern, came Reeling out up *Chancery Lane*, and chanced to Reel within the Rails of the Pump, and kept

him

his motion round so long that he was tired; whereupon leaning on the Rail, he askt one that passed by where he was, he told him over against the Chancery: I *thought so* (says he) *and that's the Reason* I *think* I *shall never get out of this place.*

320.

A sturdy Beggar meeting a high Commander of the long Parliament Army (under whom he was a Souldier) began to beseech his Honors Charity upon a poor cripl'd Souldier, that had lost his Blood and Limbs in the States Service: The Officer very gravely answer'd him, He had not for him: God bless your Honor, for although you are not in humor to supply my wants at this present, I am ever bound to pray for your Honour, because you have saved my Life; at which word, his Honor vouchsaf'd to look back, and ask'd him where, and how he had sav'd his Life? To which the Beggar replied, *Your Honour may Remember, when you fled into the Saw-pit,* I *followed you, or else* I *had stood to, and been Slain,* I *thank your good Honour.*

321. Two

321.

Two old Companions (that had not seen each other a great while) met in St. *Paul*'s Church-yard, who after some little Discourse (had in the Street) agreed by consent, to go to the *Feathers-Tavern*, where they sate pecking, from six in the Evening, till past ten at night, and having in this time drank sufficiently, one of 'em desired to be gone, urging to him that he knew his Impediment, *viz.* *He could neither go nor stand when he was Drunk*; well, says the other, *and thou knowest I am Tongue-tied, and cannot speak when I am fuddled*; but I believe that one pint more will neither hinder my talking, nor thy walking: 'faith says the other, if I cannot go thou must lead me: he answered him, he would, and the t'other pint brought both of them to their Infirmities, so that the one was Lame, and the t'other was Dumb, and having paid the reckoning (about eleven a Clock) the Dumb Man, by the help of the Drawers, got the Lame Man down stairs, where at the Bar he takes the Lame Man upon his back, and away he marches with him towards *Ludgate*, where the Watch being set, before they came near, they call'd, *Who goes there? Come before the Constable.* So the Dumb Man (unseen by the Watch) set down

the Lame Man in the dark by the Priſon door upon a Bench, and goes to the Conſtable, who ask'd him what he did out ſo late? And where he had been? To all which the Dumb Man made many mouths and ſigns, but could not anſwer; the Lame Man in the dark being troubled to hear his Friend ſo hardly put to it with Queſtions, calls out to the Conſtable, and tells him, *He cannot ſpeak*; what ſays the Conſtable, is there more of you? Come you before the Conſtable and anſwer, you can ſpeak; *but I can't go*, ſays the other, with that they went all to him; and he gave them ſo ſufficient an account of what they were, where they had been, what were their impediments, and how they got together; that the Conſtable and Watch laugh'd heartily, bidding the Dumb Man take up his Lame Luggage, and march home.

322.

When *Dun* that kept the *Meremaid-Tavern* in *Cornhill*, being himſelf in a Room with ſome witty Gallants, one of them (which it ſeems knew his Wife) too boldly cryed out in a fantaſtick humor, I'll lay five pound, *There's a Cuckold in this Company*; 'tis Dun, ſays another.

323.

An old Recorder of a City in this Land was buſie with a Country Mayor; in the mean ſpace they were interrupted by a fellow that was brought before him for killing a Man: The Recorder asked the Fellow's Name; who anſwer'd his Name was *Gilman*; ſaid the Recorder, take away *G.* and thy Name is *Ilman*, put *K.* to it, thy Name is *Kilman*, and put *Sp.* to it thy Name is *Spilman*, thou art half hang'd already, (as the Proverb ſays) for thou haſt an ill-name, let a Man vary it how he can: The Mayor all this while ſtood by muſing at the Recorders canvaſing the Man's Name; and afterwards being at home among his own good People, he had an offender brought before him for getting a Wench with Child, Maſter Mayor ask'd him his Name, the Fellow ſaid, if it pleaſe your Worſhip, my Name is *Johnſon*: Then Maſter Mayor (ſtriving to imitate the Recorder) ſaid, *Take away* G. *and thy Name is* Ilman, *put* K. *to it, Thy Name is* Kilman, *put* Sp. *to it, thy Name is* Spilman: *Thou art a Knave thou haſt an ill Name, and thou ſhalt be hanged, take my word for it.*

324

324.

Three Young conceited wits ſitting in a Tavern very merry, it chanced that a grave old Gentleman with a Gray-beard looked into the Room, whom as ſoon as they eſpied, to ſhow their Wit, one ſaluted him with the name of Father *Abraham*, the other with *Iſaac*, and the third with *Jacob*. *I am* (ſaid the Gentleman) *neither Father* Abraham, Iſaac, *nor* Jacob, *but* Saul *the Son of* Kiſh, *who went out to ſeek his Fathers Aſſes, and here I find them, and here I leave them.*

325.

A Gentleman being a great diſtance from his own Houſe, and having very urgent reaſons for his ſpeedy return, rid Poſt, having Supt, and being in Bed with his Wife, he ſaid, *Deareſt, excuſe me to Night that I pay not that Tribute due to our Loves; for I am ſo weary that I am uncapable of doing any thing but ſleep*: Theſe Words were none of the moſt pleaſant you may think to a young ſanguine Gentlewoman, after a long abſence of a luſty Husband. Not long after, walking in his back-yard with his Wife in his hand, he chanced to ſee a Cock, he took great delight in, ſitting in the Sun aſleep, rejecting Society of his Fruitleſs Wives:

Prithee ſweet Heart (ſaid he) what ails my Cock, that he thus hangs his Head, and follows not the Hens? *Indeed I do not know, Husband,* (ſaid ſhe) *unleſs he hath lately ridden Poſt.*

326.

A *French man* that ſpoke very broken *Engliſh*, beſpoken a diſh of Fiſh, being on the Table, and ſeeing but little Pepper, by the Corruption of his Pronunciation, he called for more Piſs inſtead of Spice, the Woman took away the Diſh, and did as ſhe thought he did bid her, and brought it in again; I ſay, ſaid he, a little more Piſs, with that ſhe carried it out, and her Daughter Piſt upon it, and then brought it in; but he ſtill cried a little more Piſs; well Sir, ſaid ſhe, I will warrant you ſhall have enough now, and then carried it to her Maid, a ſtrapping Girl, but the *French-man* was ſtill unſatisfied, and cried out for more Piſs; *Well Sir, let me tell you, I, my Daughter, and Maid-Servant have all Piſt as much as we can upon it, and if that will not ſatisfy you, even Piſs upon it your ſelf.*

327.

A cheating Monyleſs Traveller coming to an Inn, ſent for a Shoemaker to bring him choice of Boots: A Shoemaker brings three or four pair, one pair very well fitted him, being both drawn on, he askt the price, and was told it; but the Traveller, deſired the Shoemaker that he would truſt him till that day Sevennight, and he would pay him faithfully; but the Shoemaker ſaid, he was a ſtranger to him, and required preſent payment, or his Boots again: The other perceiving there was no hopes of prevailing, gets to the Inn-gate diſcourſing, and having deſigned his way, runs quite through the Town, and the Shoemaker after him, crying out, *ſtop him, ſtop him, ſtop him*; and ſome going to ſtop him, he cryed out to them, *Pray do not ſtop me, we two run a race for a Wager, I in Boots, and he in Shoes and Stockings*; which the People believing, ſome cried, *Well run Boots*, others, *Well run Shoes, and Stockings. Boots wins the Wager, and it were for a Hundred Pounds.* Thus the Poor Shoemaker was run out of his Boots, and almoſt out of Wits.

328.

A Wild young man being married to a witty young woman, being a good Houſwife and a Shrew, had but one only Child of a quarter old, by him tenderly belov'd. He would often be drunk, and ſhe as often would maunder with him; and often threaten to throw his Child into the Pond, the next time he came home drunk: not many Nights after, ſhe having Inteligence of his drinking with debauched Companions, ſhe forms a deſign, bids her Maid carry his beloved Infant to a Neighbour's Houſe, and laps a Cat very formally in Bed and Blankets, and lays it in the Cradle; having done, home comes her Huſband whom ſhe ſaluted with a look like a Storm, and a thundring Speech, and by him as hotly returned; but ſhe in a frame high Paſſion, runs to the Cradle, takes out the Cat in her formalities, and cryes, I have often threatned, now I'll be revenged, runs to the Pond, and flings it in, he after her with, Good dear Wife, ſave the Child, but too late: he runs in after it up to the Shoulders in a cold Winters night, got hold on the Mantle, comes aſhore, crying, Oh! my poor Child, lays it before the Fire, unpins the Blankets, and amazed Puſs ſprings out, cr[illegible]w

which

which made his Wife laugh heartily. He vowed a Reformation, she warmed his Bed put him on a dry shirt, sent for the Child home and to bed they went.

329.

A Young Married Woman in *Cheapside*, in the Morning being a bed, her Husband being underneath in the Shop selling of his Tinkets below, she was playing her tricks above; for she trying to put her heal over her Neck: Which being done, she could not get it back again, but with striving, tumbled off the bed. Her Husband hearing a great noise above sent up his Prentice, a raw Country Boy, to see what was the matter, who came down and told his Master, *That his Mistress was bewitch'd or turn'd into an Owl; and that she had fallen off the Bed, and with the fall had gotten a great gash on her shoulder.*

330.

A Welsh man riding with a charge of Money behind him, was set upon by a Thief, who bad him deliver immediately, or (drawing a Pistol) said, he would make it bounce through him; says hur so, says the Welsh man, *since hur hath hur Money, let hur bear one pounce for it, for hur never heard the pounce of a Gun.* The good natured Thief to satisfy the Curiosity of the Welsh-

Welsh-man, (whom he look'd on as a very silly Fellow) discharged his Pistol, which Echoed in many places, *Cuds splutter d'nails*, says the Welsh-man, *it was a gallant Pounce, and there was many little pounces too; good hur Vrship let hur have one pounce more for hur money, and hur will be swisfied*: So the Thief discharged the other; at which the Welsh-man seem'd better pleased than before, and ask'd if he had no more pounces; no said the Thief, I have no more. *No* (said the Welshman) *then hur has one pounce in store, which hur will make pounce through hur immediately if hur deliver not hur Money back presently*, and so forced the Thief to re-deliver.

331.

A Young-man Married a cross piece of flesh, who not contented, though her Husband was very kind, continual complaints to her Father, to the great grief of both Families; the Husband being no longer able to indure this Scurvy humor, banged her soundly: hereupon she complained to her Father, who understanding well the perverseness of her humor, took her to task, and laced her sides soundly too, saying, *go and command me to your Husband, and tell him I am now even with him, for I have cudgelled his Wife, as well as he hath beaten my Daugh-*

ter.

332.

A Gentleman who had a Ruby Face, came to a Barber to be trimm'd, and ask'd the Fellow if he could or durſt trim him? The Barber replied, That he learn'd his Trade, and kept Shop on purpoſe, and therefore both could, durſt, and would trim him, if he pleaſed; but, quoth the Gallant, behold my Face, and the rugg'd difficulty of Shaving. If you trim me without blood-ſhed, I will give you ten Shillings; but if I find you draw Blood, with this Stilletto I will ſtab you immediately: The Brisk Barber being more tempted with the rare reward of ten Shillings, than diſmayed by his threatning, undertakes him, and very artfully trimm'd him without blood-ſhed, and the Gentleman was well pleaſed; but withal asked how he durſt venture upon him ſince he was in ſo much hazard of his Life, to whom the Barber replied, I had no cauſe to fear my Life: *For if I had fetched Blood of your Face, before you could have been ſenſible of it, I would quickly have let you Blood in the Wind pipe, and ſecured me from your Stab.* The Gentleman held up his Hands in thanks for his deliverance, and vowed never to be trimm'd upon thoſe Conditions again.

233.

In the beginning of the Spring, when scarce one flower was seen to bud out, a *Scotch* Gallant by chance espying a Primrose fairly blown; and going to pluck it, considered with himself, how much more proper it might be for his Mistress to gather it with her fair hands, and resolves to intreat her thither; but fearing it should be plucked in his absence, he covered it with his Hat, and walks to the Ladies Chamber. In the mean time one passing by, takes up the Hat, crops the Flower, leaving in the room thereof a Rose of stronger savour, covers it with the Hat and departs. Presently after comes the *Scotch*-man leading of his Lady, expressing the rarity of the Flower, and that 'twas his Fortune to find it, and that none but her *Virgin*-hand was fit to pluck it. Where is this Flower, quoth she, you so much commend? Here, sweetest Lady, answered he, carefully covered with my Beaver; and with that (curiously removing on't) discovers the Flower in a smoaking Fragrancy. The *Scotch*-man blushes, the Lady smils. What he then thought, or how her dainty Nostrils took it, is left to the Reader's Conception.

334.

A very honeſt and prudent Gentleman had the ill fortune to marry a Wife a grain too light; one day returning home, he went up the ſtairs, and found his Chamber door open, entring, he caught his Wife and the Adulterer (who were ſo intent upon their ſport that they minded nothing elſe) in the very act; the Gentleman ſeemingly unmoved, ſaid, *Wife, Wife, Wife, Indeed you don't do well to expoſe your own and my reputation thus to the hazard of being loſt by careleſſneſs: Sure in a buſineſs, that ſo nearly concerns us both, you might have ſhut the door: I pray conſider what if any one elſe had come and caught you in this poſture*; and ſo went and left them the midneſs of this reproof ſo effectually wrought upon this Woman, that ſhe ever after abhorred the thought of enjoying any other Man but her Husband.

A

A PREACHMENT ON MALT.

CErtain Townſmen of *Priſal*, returning from a merry Meeting at a certain Ale-houſe, met in the Fields a Preacher, who had lately made a bitter Sermon againſt Drunkards, and among other opprobrious words, called them Malt-worms. Wherefore they agreed to take him, and by violence compel him to Preach a Sermon, and his Text ſhould be *MALT*. The Preacher thinking it better to yield than contend with them in their cauſe, began his Sermon as followeth.

There is no Preaching without Diviſion, and this Text cannot well be divided into many parts, becauſe it is but one word, nor into many Syllables, becauſe it is but one Syllable: It muſt therefore be divided into Letters, and they are found to be

fou

four, *viz.* *M*, *A*, *L*, *T*, Theſe letters repreſent four interpretations, which Divines commonly do uſe thus, *M.* Moral, *A.* Allegorical, *L.* Literal, *T.* Tropological.

The Moral Interpretation is well put firſt, and firſt to teach you boyſterious Men ſome good manners, at leaſt in procuring your attention to the Sermon; Therefore *M.* Maſters, *A.* All, *L.* Liſten, *T.* to the Text.

An Allegory is when one thing is ſpoken, and another thing meant; The thing ſpoken is Malt, the thing meant is the Oyl of Malt, commonly call'd Ale, which to you Drunkards is ſo precious, that you account it to be *M.* Meat, *A.* Ale, *L.* Liberty, *T.* Treaſure.

The literal ſenſe is as it hath been often heard of heretofore, ſo it is true acording to the letter, *M.* Much, *A.* Ale, *L.* Little, *T.* Th[illegible]

The Tropological ſence applyeth that which now is to ſomewhat following, either in this world, or in the world to come the thing that now is, is the effect which Oyl of Malt produceth and worketh in ſome of you, *viz.* *M.* Murther, in others *A.* Adultery, in all *L.* Looſe living, in many *T.* Treaſon, and that which hearafter [illegible]th in this world and in the world

world to come, is M. Misery, *A.* Anguish, *L.* Lamentation, *T.* Trouble.

I shall now come to a conclusion, and withal, to perswade you boysterious men to amend, that so you may escape the danger whereinto many of you are like to fall but I have no hopes to prevail, because I plainly see, and my Text as plainly telleth me it is M. to *A.* that is, a Thousand Pound to a Pot of Ale you will never mend, because all Drunkards are *L.* Lewd, *T.* Thieves, but yet for discharging my Conscience and duty, First towards God, and Secondly towords you my Neighbours, I say once again, concluding with my Text, M. Mend, *A.* All, and *L.* Leave, *T.* Tipling. otherwise, M. Masters, *A.* All, *L.* Look for *T.* Terrour aud Torment.

By this time the Ale wrought in the Townsmens Brains that theh were between Hawk and Buzzard, nearer sleeping than waking, which the Preacher perceiving stole a way, Leaving them to take their Nap.

28 MR 59

FINIS.